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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION THE AVENGER.

"To dread no fate on earth or sea to-morrow."—Scott.

A few weeks passed and the tragic fate of Agnes Heine was forgotten, save by the few devoted friends who had been faithful to her to the last. And other exciting events soon drove her for the moment even from their minds.

First Father Macaulay was, by a writ of habeas corpus, brought into court, to have the reason of his detention in prison re-investigated and passed upon.

His friends came forward in force, both with money and counsel. His case was argued pro and con for more than a fortnight, and created quite as great an excitement in his own way as had the two remarkable criminal trials immediately preceding it.

But on the sixteenth day, the judgment of the court was pronounced, discharging him from custody.

Catholics and Protestants almost equally rejoiced in the liberation of the portly and popular priest.

Colonel Shannon and other gentlemen planters of the county gave dinners in his honor. Old maids and widows made tea parties for his delectation. Why—even the poor darkies gave breakdown dances in the barn, and got "glorious" for the glory of "Father O'Leedy."

Doctor Henry alone of all the inhabitants of the neighborhood paid no sort of attention to the lion of the day. And, in fact, every person admitted that, both upon account of his wife's recent death and his own serious indisposition, Dr. Henry might well be excused, from either giving or entertaining or even participating in those given by others.

The same pretext seemed to embarrass the doctor from all other liabilities; for when, a few days after the funeral of Agnes Heine, Heine called at Farquier, for perhaps the twentieth time, to demand satisfaction of its master for the prosecution of that poor, martyred girl, he was told that the doctor was confined to his bed by illness, and could not be seen.

Again and again, upon his repeating the visit, was the same answer returned. And Master Heine for the present gave up the pursuit, and quietly but firmly "bided his time." Dr. Henry was now seldom seen in public, and never where there was a possibility of encountering his late student.

Meanwhile how went the time with Godfrey Dulanie and his devoted wife? and what had been the liberation of Father Macaulay upon his condition and prospects?

Mr. Dulanie, still a close prisoner under sentence of death, suffered extremely in both health and spirits, not only from long confinement but also from intolerable suspense. Honora—feeble Honora! feebly soothed or feebly shared his sorrows. Day after day, week after week, they had lived in the hope that the real criminal, conscience stricken, would be compelled to come forward and confess the crime for which an unjustly suffered.

But as the lonely days and weeks, in their dull monotony, moved slowly past, the sickening nature of this "hope deferred" began to tell immeasurably upon the mind and body both of Honora and Godfrey.

A flush of hope sprang up with the liberation of Father Macaulay, and the question of her fate and how favorably his enlargement might affect that fate of the condemned.

That question was soon and bitterly answered. The community, upon the first startling intelligence of the mysterious escape of the murderer the zeal of confession, had charged himself with the murder of Ralph Rivers, and thereby proved the innocence of Godfrey Dulanie, and cleansed for his unconditional reprieve. But as weeks went by and no light was shed upon the dark event, people began to wonder and speculate, and finally returned to their first faith in the guilt of the prisoner.

Some expressed their belief that the stranger of the confession was altogether a "bogey" pedestal, who had been hired by the friends of Mr. Dulanie to tell that story, in the faint hope of saving his life.

And others did not hesitate to assert that the story of the prophet was itself "a humbug," trumped up by the pitiful but not too punctilious priest for the preservation of his primary's life. A few stern-hearted men thought the course of the governor in this matter weak, and hoped that there would be no further delay in carrying into effect the sentence of the law.

Meanwhile, not only close confinement, not only wearing suspense, and painful misconstruction, but severer privation, was the lot of Godfrey and Honora. One by one their little articles of jewelry had been sacrificed—first to pay the cost of the defence in the trial, next to remunerate the watcher for necessaries and comforts supplied by him; and now that the last dollar had been expended, Honora redeemed her pledge and worked.

Ah did not know it! When through all the hours of the weary day he saw her slender fingers fly over some piece of delicate needle-work, he would ask—

"What is it, love, that you are so busy about?"

"Why, a lady's dress—do you not see?" she would reply.

THE SPECTRE'S ADMONITION.

And so, never doubting but that she was making it for herself, would say, unwisely, no more.

And sometimes when some little comfort, not down in the prison bill of fare, would grace their morning or their evening meal, and he would look up inquiringly into her face, she would smile and answer—

"Yes, I got it; the money obtained from the sale of your watch is not all gone yet."

(This was true. Honora, the diplomate, had saved just one shilling of that money, which she kept purposely, in order to be able to make just such replies to just such looks.)

In simple poverty, however severe, these two could have been happy; but this was poverty in a prison. To the prospect of toil and privation they would have looked forward cheerfully; but for them in life hovered but one object, of horror—THE SCAFFOLD—whose dark image overshadowed them; deeper and deeper grew the gloom as time bore them onwards towards its midnight of chance and death.

The day of execution approached. It was known that the governor would grant no second respite, and that the condemned must prepare to meet his fate; for that, without providential interposition, upon the twenty-eighth of August, his sentence would be carried into effect.

Despair overshadowed the soul of the prisoner as his wife sought earnestly to dispel its gloom. As a general rule, I think, we women are less subject to despondency, more gifted with hope than men; perhaps it is because we have more elasticity, if less strength than our brothers.

Upon the Sabbath that ushered in the week in which he was expected to die, after they had read together the morning service according to the Episcopal ritual, and had laid aside their books, he took her hand as she sat beside him on the bed, and said—

"Dear Honora, this is the last Sabbath we shall spend together——"

"Not so! not so, not by many years of Sabbaths!" she answered, hope still struggling against the terrors that would have overwhelmed her.

"My own heroic wife, look fair steadily in the face! You have firmness enough to do so. I wished to say to you that Mr. Willoughby has kindly offered to my sister a home at the parsonage, until such time as she shall have obtained her majority, entered upon her estates, and is at liberty to choose between her two suitors. Will you——"

"*I* your widow! oh, never, never! All the mercy that there is in Heaven forbid it!" she answered, shuddering. "I could not survive you—no! not for a day—and I could not and will not! I look to live many, many years!"

"Honora! why will you not see the truth? The fatal day is very near!"

"I know it. But the 'fatal' day will never come! Believe it, Godfrey. For, between this day and that, one of two things will happen. Either the real criminal, whom we already know to be conscience-stricken, will be constrained to appear, or, failing that, the governor will feel morally obliged to grant a respite, and new a man whose guilt even he must now doubt. Believe it, Godfrey; for on my soul *I* believe it!"

"Aye, Honora, you 'believe and—tremble,'" replied Mr. Dulanie, who calmly endeavored by his aside hope for life, and prepare himself for death.

While these events were transpiring in the prison, a stranger, dark, wild rumor was beginning to prevail outside.

It concerned Dr. Henry. In one respect the man had not "shunned." He was indubitably ill, both in mind and body. From the time of the funeral fate of Agnes Heine his health and spirits had utterly failed.

He neglected his profession, lost much of his practice, confined himself closely to his house, and secured fast falling into a state of confirmed hypochondria.

Various were the causes assigned by the community for his singular condition. Some ascribed it to extreme grief for the loss of his wife. Others did not scruple to attribute it to remorse for his fatal prosecution of poor Agnes Heine. As time passed, the health and spirits of the morose hypochondriac grew worse and worse. His profession was now utterly neglected, his practice entirely lost. His time was passed in wandering through the solitary woods, and among the gloomy entombed cypresses around his deserted dwelling, or else brooding in his chamber.

Rumor, that logic maiden strange reasons reached the surrounding neighborhood. Old family domestics whispered of fearful sights and sounds seen and heard about that house. Some holder than the rest hinted that the spirit of Agnes Heine haunt ed the dwelling of her destroyer. Others went further still, and said that if any one should listen at his chamber door, their morose master might be heard in the middle of the night pleading with the ghost of the martyred girl.

For some time these rumors were regarded as the romances of the negroes. But at length more serious attention was given to the subject when one day, as Mr. Willoughby was riding to Haye's Hole, to make a call upon old Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer, he was met in the depths of the forest by Dr. Henry, who was walking along, and gazing unconsciously upon the ground, absorbed deeply upon the textile, he looked in the face of the rider, and asked—

"Pardon, do you believe *the dead can walk?*"

"Why?" questioned Mr. Willoughby, in astonishment.

"Because *she does!*"

"Who?" again inquired the clergyman, in consternation.

"*She—the dead woman!*"

"Your with do you mean?" asked Mr. Willoughby, in a tone of horror.

"Hush! no, *the other one!*"

"Agnes?"

"Hush, I say!—Yes—*the same story night!* Do you believe it?"

"I believe that you are very ill, and require medical treatment," replied the deeply shocked minister, gazing with open eyes upon the unfortunate's completion and fierce eyes of the other speaker.

"Ill?—Sane! I'll be two months—ill sick and ill, sinful. How do you mean to say that I am very sick or very sinful?" asked the doctor, with a sardonic smile.

"Both, perhaps, and in either case you need a physician—the sick or the body—perhaps of both, as I said," replied the clergyman, gravely.

"A physician! where shall I get one? Heine and myself are the only physicians in this neighborhood. The physician," he said, clapping his hand upon his breast, "*the* physician can not heal himself. And as for Heine, he had rather kill than cure. Ill!" laughed the doctor bitterly. "Is a good day, physician of the soul?"

"I am saying, the most unfit of all. Will you not go home and see a doctor?"

"Yes, sir, and I am sorry to be so. It is not, however, because I am sick that I seek you for, Mr. Willoughby; but to consult you about the case of my employer."

"Dr. Henry?"

"Of course, sir; I think it is time he was looked to."

"What ails him?"

"It is more than I can tell, sir; but I doubt that he is losing his mind. You might have met him on your road along, for he has just his times."

"I did meet him."

"And did he tell you——?" said Hayhurst, suddenly pausing, and looking intently into the eyes of his visitor.

"He told me of some hallucinations that trouble his rest," replied the minister, gravely.

"And what do you make of them, sir?" inquired the farmer, anxiously.

"That he is partially deranged," answered Mr. Willoughby.

"Well, sir, I fear you are right; it is a satisfaction to have my own opinion confirmed. He has been here several times proposing to me to go with him, and watch with him for the night. But her through the night. What would you advise me, under the circumstances, to do?"

"Assuredly, Mr. Hayhurst, I should earnestly counsel you to do as he requests. Nay, I think it your imperative duty to do so."

"I am willing to follow your instructions, sir; though I cannot see what I can do."

"Why this—by watching with him through the hours during which he fancies he sees the apparition, you can better observe the character and symptoms of the fit of phrensy that must then come upon him, and you will be prepared to give some report of his case before the proper authorities."

"And for what purpose, sir? I don't understand."

"Why, for *this* purpose, certainly. If he is insane, then for his own safety and well-being, as much as for that of all around him, he should be placed under restraint and medical treatment. To have this effected, it is necessary that his condition should be proved by a competent witness. Now the upon the servants by whom he is surrounded are our competent to give legal evidence in his case—hence the necessity of yourself or some other visitor man passing time enough with him to be able to report to the state. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir; but it seems treacherous to go to his house for any such secret purpose!" said the farmer, with a dubious expression of countenance.

"Treacherous! Why should it be? Not at all! Would you have the poor, solitary sufferer given over for want of proper medical attendance? Or, supposing him insane, would you have him left at large to do himself or some other person a fatal injury?" inquired the minister, with surprise.

"Ah no, sir, by no means; and looking at it in your light, it may possibly be right that I should go and do as you advise me," replied the farmer, who, after some further and unsatisfactory debate and hesitation, yielded to the force of the minister's arguments, and promised to follow his directions.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SPECTRE SEEN.

Answer and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless! thy blood is cold!
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.—SHAKSPEARE.

The day drew on and came and passed, and the night came down. And Mr. Willoughby looked up to behold, with surprise, Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer, who stood before him with an aspect so pale, frightened and wo-begone, that the worthy minister threw down the pen, started up and seized his hand, and gazing on him, exclaimed—

"Why, Hayhurst, my friend, what is the matter?"

"I do not know, sir, unless it is that I am going mad as fast as Doctor Henry!"

"Why—what mean you, then?"

I watched with him last night."

"You did? And the result? Tell me all about it. But first of all—here, take this chair;" said the clergyman, indicating a rocker that stood beside his own seat.

Mr. Hayhurst drew near, and dropped rather than seated himself in it.

"And now?" asked the minister, eagerly.

"I watched with him last night, as I told you, sir. He laid down in his clothes on the outside of his bed; I sat in an easy chair beside him. I could not persuade him to undress and get between the sheets; no! he said he could not until she had come and gone. We conversed but little, and that was in the early portion of the night. As the hours crept slowly by, the fire on the hearth, for want of replenishing, sank low; the little taper, in need of trimming, burned dimly; my accompanies lapsed into silence, and my own spirits fell to zero. I heard the clock strike two; then, after a long, dull, listless interval, SEVEN; then perhaps I dozed, for I did not hear it strike twelve, although it was just at that hour that I was horribly startled by hearing a long, low, wailing cry from the mouth of the man on the bed. Looking up, I saw Dr. Henry sitting on the bed, his face pale as death, his form tailed in a paroxysm, his eyes strained out upon some object, to which his long arm and shaking finger pointed. Following the unsteady the direction of his gaze and his finger to my horror and amazement I saw, as plainly as I see you now—no believe me! I shall, I tell you—the apparition of Agnes Heine standing within the door!" The image was clothed, not in the habiliments of the grave; but in the usual dress she wore in life; in the dress she wore calico verous se that of an embossed carpet; her wild, black locks straggled in disorder down upon her breast; her eyes were wide open, and glowed; her head was raised to Heaven with an adjuring gesture.

"But my horror and amazement never reached its height, until those eyes and that hand themselves upon the face of Dr. Henry, and, with her hand still raised to Heaven, her frozen lips parted with the one thrilling word—

"Coward!

"At that word Dr. Henry sank back into a swoon, and the vision vanished!"

"Hayhurst paused, while Mr. Willoughby gazed at him in dumfounded astonishment, not unmingled with suspicion and indignation, as a man might gaze upon a person who should dare to put his credulity to the severest test. Then speaking slowly, and keeping his eyes upon the face of his visitor, he said—

"You—you—the apparition of Agnes Heine—standing within the door of Dr. Henry's chamber—last night at twelve o'clock?"

"By all my hopes of Heaven, I did!" returned the other, without withdrawing his gaze.

"And you by him and myself dreamed the whole thing?"

"By my hopes of Heaven and myself dreamt the same dream at precisely the same hour?"

"You are mad!"

"That may well be! But if I am *sane*, as sure as I stand here before you—as sure as I speak in the name of God—I saw what I have described—I saw the form that I have described to you, last night at twelve o'clock in the chamber of Dr. Henry's chamber," replied the visitor, with deep solemnity.

"And—after the swoon of Dr. Henry and the disappearance of the vision—what happened?"

"Why, as soon as I recovered the use of my limbs, and collected my scattered faculties, I went to the bed, and sought to restore the patient to consciousness, not only for his own sake, but for that of my own safety, by our mutual peculiar circumstances. But his swoon proved to be an ultimate one, and so, after working over him for some time, I left him and came home to my family.

"And what construction did their plain, good sense put upon your story?"

"They seemed more frightened than surprised, the latter feeling, I think, being soon overcome by sleep in his master's room, told me, with chattering teeth, that this event happened every night."

"What is your opinion of it, sir?"

"The vision of Agnes and the deathly swoon of Dr. Henry, I am ready to confess, I cannot, nor can I called the doctor to his senses, with great mental pain forgive me if I can not accord full credence to those of others."

"Well, Willoughby," said the farmer, with an humbled look, "I did not. However known, some out this stormy evening only to smooth you with a marvelous and incredible story. I came to seek your aid and counsel for a sorely afflicted friend, and you insult me before I go out, that prodigy occurs nightly, and is driving him mad?"

"Good neighbor, do not be angry with me! Certainly there is no need that I should assure you of my perfect faith in your truthfulness. But this of which you tell me is a case in which, as I said, I should doubt the evidence of my own eyes and ears. Such a prodigy—could such real-

It, possibly exist—should be witnessed, not by one man, or even by two, but by many at one and the same time, that each might have the sell-sense of others, and that all might feel sure that no deception had been practiced. As for Dr. Hayburt, he has behaved exceedingly ill in proposing to death a young and probably innocent girl. I do not like the man, still it is my bounden duty, both for his sake and for the well-being of others, to do what we can to ascertain his real condition, with a view to his cure."

"That was my only motive, sir, for troubling you at all."

"Well, Mr. Hayhurst, for the present do not mention this to any one. I will speak confidentially to Colonel Shannon, who is a magistrate, and we will consult as to the best course to be pursued." And the minister, with something of the air of dismissing his visitor.

The former so understood his manner, and arose to depart, saying—

"Well, sir, I will leave it to you, of course. Good night, sir."

"Not good night, Hayhurst, if you will go downstairs into the parlor, and pass the evening with Mrs. Willoughby and Dr. Hollis. As for me, look at this manuscript! I have work to do—sermon-work, and cannot join you; but see here, Hayhurst, just a word before stairs of Dr. Hollis," said the minister, solemnly.

"Oh, sir, sir, sir! and indeed I can only look in and say 'How d'ye do' and 'Good-bye' before going." And with a cordial shake of the hands the two parted.

But the story that Mr. Willoughby was so astounded to keep concealed got out through the agency of Mr. Hayhurst. Dr. Henry, like a perturbed spirit, wandered over the neighborhood all day long, day and night. And if, in his disturbed mood, he chanced to meet an acquaintance, he would be apt to stop and tell him that he had seen a ghost that visited his room at midnight. The house servants of Farquier Lodge were shocks freely of these nightly proceedings. As the days passed, and that fiend upon for the assistance of God-fray Dalzaide crew near, it was observed that Dr. Henry's symptoms of mania became greatly aggravated.

It was on Wednesday, the 26th of August, that Mr. Willoughby left his residence to serve in Parliament, and requested an interview with Colonel Shannon.

Being shown into the library, where the colonel sat alone, the minister closed the door and took a seat, and then and there opened to the old soldier a brain all that he had been told of the reputed prodigies at Farquier.

The old gentleman listened with grave attention, and at the close of the minister's story said—

"I have, for some months past, regarded Dr. Henry as a subject of lunacy. I had intended to report to which your allude, but thought that the reputed 'ghost' existed only in the imagination of a madman, and that what the master suspected, the servants followed. Now, however, you seem to tell me that Farmer Hayhurst, an honest, truthful and practical man, believes that he has witnessed this prodigy. I have only to say that the whole thing is probably a piece of jugglery, got up by some enemy of Henry, for the purpose of the poor solitary hypochondriac, and into which it is our duty to investigate. I propose, therefore, that you, Dr. Hollis, if he can be persuaded, myself and Father Kennedy, as the four most deeply interested, proceed to the house and watch through the night by his chamber. If this can be effected with perfect secrecy, so much the better; and shall we be to unmask the imposture. What think you of this plan?"

"It is a most wise proposition. It is just what I myself should have proposed," said Mr. Willoughby.

"We shall need the intervention of Mr. Hayhurst as guide, in particular, to present of Dr. Henry to our watching with him. Will you at least be that part of the business?" said the colonel to Hayhurst.

"With pleasure," answered the clergyman; "nor do I anticipate the least difficulty in obtaining Dr. Henry's ready concurrence in our plan. He never rather anxious than otherwise for aid and comfort. All that we must guard against is wounding the sensitive of the human by appearing to make light of this illusion or imposture, as the case may be. I believe our interview is at an end now, sir?"

"Not if you will favor me with your company for the evening."

"Impossible! I must see Hayhurst this afternoon, and make the requisite arrangements with him."

"Then when shall I see you again on the subject?"

"Some time in the course of to-morrow," replied the minister, grasping the proffered cordially shaking the hand of his old parishioner. And they parted.

The same day, according to agreement, Mr. Willoughby sent out Farmer Hayhurst, and opened to him the plan for investigating the mystery at Farquier. He found the way clearer than he could have dared to hope.

"Sir," said the old man, "the time has arrived when the interference of Heaven and neighbors will imperatively necessary. Dr. Henry is no longer able to direct his own life; there is a fiend upon him of the governor in regard to Mr. Dalzaide has been promulgated—that it is known beyond a doubt that there will be no other course than to have the condemned man must suffer the extreme penalty of the law on Friday, Dr. Henry will be ready for the hour to alternate raving and stupor. He calls himself a murderer—a double murderer—and swears Sir, Heaven forgive us all! but I sometimes fear there may be more than mere mania in his ravings."

"Strange—strange and terrible! We may be able to solve perhaps the meaning of all this. Have you watched with him since that night?"

"No, sir. Nor would I do it again since for a mint of money. I will however gladly guide you others in the door."

"I think that there will be any difficulty in getting the doctor's consent to our doing so?"

"I repeat, sir, that the doctor is not in a condition to be consulted. I will go over as usual on the afternoon of Thursday, and remain there with you and your party arrive. And I will hold myself responsible for your being safely installed in the chamber of the patient. Will that answer your purpose?"

"Perfectly. If you can really effect it."

"Certainly, I can and will. I hold myself bound to do it."

"Thursday—that is to-morrow evening, then, be it so."

"Yes—to-morrow evening."

"Good-by until then."

"Good-bye, sir."

And the friends separated, until they should meet the next night in the haunted chamber of the monomaniac.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SPECTRE AGAIN.

"Oh, art on, father, see the hand
Which on the cloth, and now on us,
And my upon the living's hand
Their bloody sign they leave!
The command to us and her is one!
The dead have no need but we need!
Has shrieks for me, in the deep midnight,
In the lifeless ashes of the dead?"

The morning of the day upon which the committee of neighbors was to visit Farquier and see the condition of the unfortunate Dr. Henry found him as he stay hurled in deep thought.

The old gentleman was sick, through all his nature, the relentless judge which some of his acts might lead us to suppose. Proud conscience of mark he certainly was; and, as such, he had repelled the protestations of the penalties young lawyer, Godfrey Dalzaide, to an alliance with his family. Stern denouncer of guilt he had shown himself to be upon the occasion of Mr. Dalzaide's conviction.

But if once a suspicion that he had acted with injustice towards a persecuted man fastened in itself into his mind, Colonel Shannon was not one to turn the instrument against itself. With a double now possessed his thoughts. Many little incidents connected with the case of Godfrey Dalzaide, to decide which, taken singly, were of little moment, but when combined proved of great weight—now arranged themselves into a connected chain of probability, which raised in his mind grave suspicions of the correctness of the verdict and sentence of the condemned prisoner's guilt. And these doubts and suspicions once inspired, were necessarily acted upon.

Colonel Shannon arose and rang the bell and ordered his horse to be saddled and brought to the door.

Then he hastily donned his riding-coat and hat, went out, mounted his steed, and rode rapidly on towards the county seat, where Judge Sherne was at that time tarrying. Two hours of hard riding through the mountain passes and across the wooded plains brought him there.

He dismounted at the principal entrance of the village hotel, went in and inquired where Judge Sherne were still in the house.

Being answered in the affirmative, he asked for a private parlor and sent a note to his excellency, requesting the favor of an interview.

And a few moments after, the favor was granted.

They met—they always met—in the best friends. The political rivalry which had existed between all of the most harmonious nature. They shook hands cordially and sat down, after the usual compliments of the season, Colonel Shannon opened the business of the interview, by saying, with a grave smile—

"Your excellency has doubtless been sufficiently annoyed with the subject of Godfrey Dalzaide to desire that topic removed?"

The governor replied by nodding and looking inquisitive.

"Nor should I have troubled you to-day," the visitor proceeded to say, "but for a strong impression as to the criminality of that man, been forced upon my mind."

Governor Sherne looked surprised and disturbed, and showed forever relaxing his inquisitive expression.

"Do not be alarmed, my friend; I have not come hither to solicit you to grant a new trial to the doctrinal has been finally refused."

"Yet it has been," interrupted the governor.

"Very true; so I comprehended, without the slightest hesitation in such an opinion. Permit me to say that which I am about to request of your excellency you may possibly consider a still more impertinent favor," said Colonel Shannon, with a hesitation.

"Speak on, old friend. I beg you; you surely know that there is nothing in which I could serve you which should not be promptly attended to," said Governor Sherne, cordially.

"I thank you, sir. To my request then—your excellency has doubtless heard of the strange illness of our neighbor, Dr. Henry?"

"Certainly."

"And of the still stranger rumors connected with his illness?"

"Yes," said the governor, with a puzzled look. "Why well! To-night a self-constituted jury of neighbors will visit Farquier Lodge, and in my sick chamber, with a view to ascertaining the nature and extent of the malady, and to see what, in what degree he may be insane——"

"Yet!" inquired the governor, with a look of interest.

"Well, I have an experiment to try. And I do entreat your excellency to believe that it is not impulsively, or without mature considerations, that I make the request which I am about to prefer to you, which I fear you, sir, may consider as improper or ill-timed," said Colonel Shannon, hesitatingly.

"Well, well, old friend, there need not be, to my request from you to me, so very much of preface and introduction! I feel sure that you would not make an improper one, and as for the rest, if it be in my power to grant it, I will. Now, what would you want it may be?" said the governor, heartily.

"Then I have to request your excellency to give an order that Godfrey Dalzaide (in charge of the sheriff) be delivered over under whatever precautions may be deemed necessary by his safe custody) be taken to-night from the prison cell to the chamber of the sick man at Farquier," said Colonel Shannon.

"This is indeed an unprecedented request!" replied the governor.

"It is drawn out by unprecedented exigency, sir," said he.

But to-morrow, between nine and twelve, this man is to die."

"I know it; and he can be returned to his prison in time to meet his doom."

"This is a most extraordinary demand!" again exclaimed the governor.

"I repeat that it is forced from me by extraordinary necessity."

"And that necessity?"

"Will explain itself at least as I hope and believe. If by that your testimony will grant my petition and avoid the result."

"He learned you take in this young man is altogether a new one," said the governor, looking inquisitive.

"The interest that I take is not in Godfrey Dalzaide, but in the cause of justice," replied the old gentleman.

The governor looked down and mused for a few moments; then raising his head, he exclaimed—

"Very well! I will take the responsibility! It shall be as you say."

"I thank you earnestly! and—after the manner of succeeding human nature, I have another favor to ask—it is that you, sir, be of the party at Farquier to-night."

The governor dropped his chin upon his breast, mused a little while, and then looking up, replied, with a smile:

"Well, I see nothing to prevent me from making one of the committee—I will meet you there."

"I am deeply indebted to you, sir, for your promptness in granting favors which I trust that the result of this evening's visit will justify," replied the colonel, rising to depart.

That same afternoon, Godfrey Dalzaide and his devoted wife were alone together in his prison cell. They sat side by side upon the edge of the bedstead, with a table stood before them, upon which lay an open volume. They were engaged, as they had been for many weary days past, in reading the scriptures and in prayer.

The long pressure of an almost insupportable weight of sorrow had so benumbed their faculties that now indeed they were scarcely conscious of the surface of their misfortune. With much labor of feeling partaking grief had left her. Hopes more he certainly was, and, as such, he had repelled the protestations of the penalties young lawyer, Godfrey Dalzaide, to an alliance with his family. Stern denouncer of guilt he had shown himself to be upon the occasion of Mr. Dalzaide's conviction.

But if once a suspicion that he had acted with injustice towards a persecuted man fastened in itself into his mind, Colonel Shannon was not one to turn the instrument against itself. With a double now possessed his thoughts. Many little incidents connected with the case of Godfrey Dalzaide, to decide which, taken singly, were of little moment, but when combined proved of great weight—now arranged themselves into a connected chain of probability, which raised in his mind grave suspicions of the correctness of the verdict and sentence of the condemned prisoner's guilt. And these doubts and suspicions once inspired, were necessarily acted upon.

Colonel Shannon arose and rang the bell and ordered his horse to be saddled and brought to the door.

Then he hastily donned his riding-coat and hat, went out, mounted his steed, and rode rapidly on towards the county seat, where Judge Sherne was at that time tarrying. Two hours of hard riding through the mountain passes and across the wooded plains brought him there.

He dismounted at the principal entrance of the village hotel, went in and inquired where Judge Sherne were still in the house.

Being answered in the affirmative, he asked for a private parlor and sent a note to his excellency, requesting the favor of an interview.

And a few moments after, the favor was granted.

They met—they always met—in the best friends. The political rivalry which had existed between all of the most harmonious nature. They shook hands cordially and sat down, after the usual compliments of the season, Colonel Shannon opened the business of the interview, by saying, with a grave smile—

"Your excellency has doubtless been sufficiently annoyed with the subject of Godfrey Dalzaide to desire that topic removed?"

The governor replied by nodding and looking inquisitive.

"Nor should I have troubled you to-day," the visitor proceeded to say, "but for a strong impression as to the criminality of that man, been forced upon my mind."

Governor Sherne looked surprised and disturbed, and showed forever relaxing his inquisitive expression.

"Do not be alarmed, my friend; I have not come hither to solicit you to grant a new trial to the doctrinal has been finally refused."

"Yet it has been," interrupted the governor.

"Very true; so I comprehended, without the slightest hesitation in such an opinion. Permit me to say that which I am about to request of your excellency you may possibly consider a still more impertinent favor," said Colonel Shannon, with a hesitation.

"Speak on, old friend. I beg you; you surely know that there is nothing in which I could serve you which should not be promptly attended to," said Governor Sherne, cordially.

"I thank you, sir. To my request then—your excellency has doubtless heard of the strange illness of our neighbor, Dr. Henry?"

"Certainly."

"And of the still stranger rumors connected with his illness?"

"Yes," said the governor, with a puzzled look. "Why well! To-night a self-constituted jury of neighbors will visit Farquier Lodge, and in my sick chamber, with a view to ascertaining the nature and extent of the malady, and to see what, in what degree he may be insane——"

"Yet!" inquired the governor, with a look of interest.

"Well, I have an experiment to try. And I do entreat your excellency to believe that it is not impulsively, or without mature considerations, that I make the request which I am about to prefer to you, which I fear you, sir, may consider as improper or ill-timed," said Colonel Shannon, hesitatingly.

"Well, well, old friend, there need not be, to my request from you to me, so very much of preface and introduction! I feel sure that you would not make an improper one, and as for the rest, if it be in my power to grant it, I will. Now, what would you want it may be?" said the governor, heartily.

"Then I have to request your excellency to give an order that Godfrey Dalzaide (in charge of the sheriff) be delivered over under whatever precautions may be deemed necessary by his safe custody) be taken to-night from the prison cell to the chamber of the sick man at Farquier," said Colonel Shannon.

"This is indeed an unprecedented request!" replied the governor.

"It is drawn out by unprecedented exigency, sir," said he.

"But to-morrow, between nine and twelve, this man is to die."

"I know it; and he can be returned to his prison in time to meet his doom."

"This is a most extraordinary demand!" again exclaimed the governor.

"I repeat that it is forced from me by extraordinary necessity."

"And that necessity?"

"Will explain itself at least as I hope and believe. If by that your testimony will grant my petition and avoid the result."

"He learned you take in this young man is altogether a new one," said the governor, looking inquisitive.

"The interest that I take is not in Godfrey Dalzaide, but in the cause of justice," replied the old gentleman.

The governor looked down and mused for a few moments; then raising his head, he exclaimed—

"Very well! I will take the responsibility! It shall be as you say."

"I thank you earnestly! and—after the manner of succeeding human nature, I have another favor to ask—it is that you, sir, be of the party at Farquier to-night."

The governor dropped his chin upon his breast, mused a little while, and then looking up, replied, with a smile:

"Well, I see nothing to prevent me from making one of the committee—I will meet you there."

"I am deeply indebted to you, sir, for your promptness in granting favors which I trust that the result of this evening's visit will justify," replied the colonel, rising to depart.

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The long pressure of an almost insupportable weight of sorrow had so benumbed their faculties that now indeed they were scarcely conscious of the surface of their misfortune. With much labor of feeling partaking grief had left her. Hopes more to hover, now, against hope. And blended with this feeling was a strange, but not unnatural, presentiment—a fancy that may not be understood by the happy, but will be easily comprehended by those who have suffered as we—that all this troubled life were once well over and the peace of the grave attained.

To-morrow he must die; she should surely follow him; and then, by the grace of Heaven, would begin the eternal rest! Yet it was all that they had to hope for; but was it not enough?

Absorbed and still with these deepening thoughts she sat, trying to listen to the gospel promises as they flowed in rich music from the lips of Mr. Dalzaide, when the prison door was unlocked by the sub-treasurer of Mr. Wardour, who ushered in the sheriff's officer in charge.

"Mr. Dalzaide," said the latter, "I hold in my hand the following order: it is for your conveyance under strong guard, during the night, and for a few hours thence back to the prison. By a providence, however, I do not feel authorized to put you to go thither or not. The order is signed by Governor Sherne."

"And what is the object of your journey?" inquired Dalzaide, in astonishment, which Heaven softly shared.

"I have no authority to report, sir; neither could I answer if I had any such power. I am but the private inspector in that, to advance some purpose of the governor, you are to meet in the house of some other persons in the sick room of your relative, Dr. Henry, who, as I am expected to live."

How Godfrey Dalzaide, with his mother under the influence of habitual self-control to being the first to speak, and to make the necessary inquiries on the part of the authorities. He dropped his head, folded his hands and fell to praying aloud as the cause. Soon lifting his head he inquired—

"When are we to set forth?"

"Within an hour the carriage will be at the prison gate."

"Then, Mr. Dalzaide?" questioned the prisoner, noticing the pale face and anxious looks of his wife.

"I have no authority to bring Mr. Dalzaide, nor have I forbidden it to do so. There is a seat in the coach for two persons."

"I thank you, sir," said Honora, sincerely.

"Then I will prepare myself for the journey," said Godfrey, who at last appreciated the kindness and his wife an opportunity of preparing for the journey.

And, as agreed upon, in about three quarters of an hour they left the prison in a close carriage, strongly guarded, for Farquier.

The shadows of night gathered darkly over the face of the earth. Black clouds that had been mustering all day long, hung heavily upon the mountain's brow. All outward signs presaged an awful tempest.

Within the gloomy mansion of Farquier, in a remote and darkened chamber, the remorseful master of the house lay tossing in the delirium of a guilty conscience.

He was attended by one sub-stricken old negro servant, whose superstitious fears struggled with the habits of fidelity, and tempted him to escape from the haunted chamber. The terrors raised up by the spectre of a murdered maiden, at least by guilty memories and remorseful fears, were too terrible to witness. But as often as poor John would turn to leave the sick chamber, dreading to be alone for a moment, commanded him to come back.

As John for the twentieth time returned to his station by the bedside, a low rumbling of thunder announced the approach of the storm-cloud from the mountain caverns, and rolled away in the distance. The sick man started up, and cried his guilty man, with suspended breath.

"Lord have you, master, sir, it were nothing 't all but de t'under!" replied the negro.

"Thunder! No! it was a voice—he voice! Listen!" he replied to the slowly gathering peal of thunder rolled along the mountain gorges, and the guilty man sunk back.

"Close the shutters! Close them fast! She shall not enter there!"

"She don't want to come, master. Lord 'fore us, she don't want to come!" gasped the old negro, trembling in every limb, and looking at the windows—which were on the right side of the bed—as if he expected to see some one enter them.

Then he let fall the heavy woven curtains, and, leaving them deadened the noise of the storm without, he returned to the bedside of his master.

The chamber was now quite dark, save for the low and smoldering wood-fire on the hearth, whose dull, red glow flashed on a lurid light, and cast up weird leaping shadows on the walls and ceiling, resembling them in spasmodic starts over the bed of the sufferer who again tossed in a wave that he was moaning.

"Mercy! mercy! The room is full of demons! Watch—did you mean to drive me mad? Light the lamps! Light them! Light them!"

"Master! master!" cried the old servant, in intense distress—"do, pray, be true'able. Don't a 'spose you know'd has you know a spirit cannot be seen? Stop him here, master, chile, listen to your old uncle as roused you and your father before you—you don't your is so!' 'Cause why? 'Cause good spirits in Heaven wouldn't come back of God, could, and bad spirits in the opposite place couldn't if they would! Now I say how that's a knock-down argument against ghosts or devils."

"Light the lamps, you villains! and don't stand there chattering!" screamed his master, for a commentary on his knock-down argument.

The terrified negro—terrified in spite of his own good reasoning powers, hastened to obey by applying a match to each of the old-fashioned lamps that garnished the ends of the mantelpiece, on the left-side of the bed.

The flash that arose across the figure of the sick man, revealed a face ghastly in its pallor, haggard in its emaciation, horrible in its expression. His arms were stretched out across the bed through the thick, sudden shutters and heavy woven curtains shut out all sound, yet ever and anon he started and listened with his wild eyes glaring upon the window, as though he still heard the voice of his victim in the storm.

The clock struck nine.

Then the storm re-started again, circulating—

"Hayhurst promised to come and stay with me, John. Has he been among his kind? Go, beaver——"

"Master, sober you fear, honey! No storm rebel keep ole Mauss Hayhurst away. Dat! what I tell you? Dere's his knock now!" exclaimed the negro, starting up, with a grin on his face, overjoyed at the certainty of having a companion to share his fears with him.

"Admit him, admit him at once!" commanded the master, with expression in every lineament.

The negro went and opened the door, and the farmer walked in, and went up to the bedside of the patient, saying kindly—

"I hope to find you better, sir."

"Better! better! how can I be better, when he avenging spirit walks the earth and flesh in the form——"

"Tut, tut, tut; shh! function, sir!"

"Sick function! *You yourself talk one and heard me!*"

"A dream. An optical function or worse."

"Worse! worse! Yes, worse! I have not seen her yet this night, but she is near, she is near me! Hayhurst, is the window to go in? *Do you not hear her?*"

"I hear the thunder roar and the wind rave; but even these sounds cannot disturb you to so unmindful defiance?"

"I hear the rain *close*, but you do not *come* her voice in them, as I do!——You will stay with me Hayhurst?"

"Certainly, I came for that purpose."

"Well, then, you do not see how her spirit rages to get at me? I hear it in the rushing of the wind, at power, when neither hold nor bar can keep her out! Hayhurst will her enter this room? I mean do we see once before," said the guilty man, in a voice that became shrill with horror.

"Doctor," said the farmer, sitting down on the bed, beside him, "I must dispute you. I am, as you know, a practical man, of sensible and strong mind, in this very room, at midnight!"

"Yes! yes! yes! You did! You own it!" ejaculated the sufferer, in a succession of gasps.

"Well, now, whether a ghost, a fiend, a fay, or delusion, it is a terrible visitation for you to suffer, all alone, night after night!"

"Terrible! Oh, Lord, terrible, God only knows!"

"And you would like that the mystery should be thoroughly sifted and settled—as to whether the vision be really ghost, devil, dream, or delusion?"

"Yes! yes! yes! I would give half my life!"

"A few of your good friends and neighbors, hearing of your sudden illness, and feeling deeply interested in your welfare, have met at your house this evening, to come hither and watch with you in your chamber, to investigate this affair."

"Who are they? who are they?" asked the patient, in a hurried and anxious tone.

"Colonel Shannon, Father Macauley, Mr. Willoughby, and General Herne," answered the farmer, thinking it wiser to suppress the name of Ernest Heine, and being totally ignorant of the peculiar hatred of any others.

"Let them come—yes! let them come! Let them be the spectre, or prove me to be the victim of my wrath! I know there are optical illusions! Hayhurst, that I killing me, were one! but is it not? It can not be! for you also see it! and so two persons were ever at the same time the subject of the same optical illusion!"

"Now I do not know that that remains to be proved—but shall I leave you, sir, for them?"

"Oh yes, you; in this case indeed there is safety in numbers! Admit the old man, who even since the arrival of Mr. Hayhurst has looked in, very calmed.

The good farmer left the room for the indicated purpose.

After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, he returned, accompanied by General Herne, Colonel Shannon, Mr. Willoughby, Father Macauley, and Dr. Heine, by the advice of the former, remained for the present in the hall adjoining.

The gentlemen approached the bedside of the invalid, who quickly thanked them for their visit, but in his suffering replied to their questions put to his health.

"Yes, he seems as sensible as any man," whispered Colonel Shannon, in surprise, to Mr. Hayhurst.

A reaction from excitement, sir; a lucid interval, nothing better; you will see something very different from this in a few days," replied the farmer, in the same low voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE LANDSMAN AND THE SEAMAN.—Man scarcely ever attains to a higher development in his intellectual than in his physical nature. There is hardly a more striking contrast between the student, philosopher and the schoolboy than exists generally between the town-bred, lounging dandy and the man trained to athletic habits, and exercised from his childhood; the former suffers acutely from the slightest cold, and is rendered almost miserable to any external injury short of that which proves fatal; he has become, as it were, enervated in the fire of adversity, and is indifferent to sufferings that would be agonizing to untried nerves.

GOODNESS AND GENIUS.—Genius and goodness are inseparably connected in mental origin. Genius is goodness—joy—joy is goodness—goodness is genius. Nobility of purpose, the truest and most glorious genius, must consist in a work that is to penetrate, elevate, and subdue the hearts of mankind. Love from a heart so warm, so pure and solemn emotions, so deep sense of human relationship and sympathy, we have not been in the habit of witnessing.

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.—Cicero says, as the mind, by forecasting and preparing for grief, takes away from it its force, so a man should consider all that may befall him in his life; and certainly the excellence of wisdom consists in taking a near view of things, and gaining a thorough experience in all human affairs; in not being surprised when anything happens, and in thinking, before the event of things, that there is nothing but what may come to pass. Wherefore, at the time that our affairs are in the best situation, at that very moment we should be most thoughtful how to bear a change of fortune.

POWER OF HAPPINESS.

BY CLARA STRONG.

Wonderful! the recuperative power of the human heart.

Enter any scene of festivity, any concert or lecture-room, or a family circle, and look about upon the scenes or the festivities that there there. Would you think (if you had come from some planet where such things were unknown) that there was, or ever had been, death or sorrow in the world? Can it be possible that those very scenes and that (*sad* forced but) heart-rent laughter can come from those who have just passed through the compunctions and bereavement in their most painful shape?

Here is a pleasant gathering of friends—a social tea-party. How smiling and happy they all appear. The witty remarks, the pun, the gay sensation, the *ah! haha* go round. The interest of each one is, for the hour, absorbed in the passing scene.

Behold that fair girl tossing and flirting with the ball, laughing youth in the corner—her cheeks rosy, and her eyes sparkle with fun and mischief. But her grievances are back at night. She is fatherless. Six months ago, this evening, she was surrounded by parents, and one of the most of the most tender fathers that ever blessed the childhood and youth of smiles. She was his joy and idol, and when he died she thought her heart was broken.

The youth, one year ago, was made wretched, as he thought, for his heart was the confidant and idol of his beloved twin brother.

The middle-aged lady of forty, through whose fingers flies the busy yarn, at the rate of dozen perhaps per minute, has spent per hour, in talking pollitics with much spirit and power, has seen can never recovered before her eyes, heard him shoot her husband, after he had given up his sword to him down to his death; and has had the mortification of having her own life spared by the rebel, who, at the most moment, was caught by the brothers of another lady, whose husband he had murdered.

She let go her hold then, as she did before, of all that was dear to the things of life, but you see she has taken it again.

That man, yet young—his hair not cut to the entry of a week, went away from his home, left wife, beloved, and two sweet, darling children—but he came home after a long absence, and found that he she dear cast a good many glances at the maiden in the next door, who knows it, too, and flirts more zealously than ever with the gentleman.

That sweet-faced matron in the merry cap—how she laughs and chats with the rest of the fun bees down to the depths of sorrow. Many a fair babe has she laid with fond pride in the cold, damp and grave—one young daughter she saw die, raving in delirious agonies, because of the falsehood of one in whom she had trusted. Two sons have been slain, one so has fallen, shot through the heart by his sister's betrothed, and the other of ten is now dwelling with the only ground of exception for her cheerfulness is that two that remain. She is a widow; and now she, after two years of effort to do so, she can realize the blessedness, and feel, she is happy.

That small, sensible-looking man, with half a dozen white hairs about the sides of his shining head, has had his property confiscated and impoverished by a treasonable act first high. (*Why will* small men so often be treasonable?) Large wealth has become quiet at last; and her poor, little husband has been pining—when he can rid himself of the impression that she will be locked up in a mad-house, ere by so parting forth upon him.

That happy, happy, not least of all, those two curly-headed urchins, who are now on full of mirth, and rollicking fun that they cannot be still a single, even, only this very forenoon, writhing under a severe whipping.

In few things are the goodness of our God more clearly seen than in the rapidity with which tears are dried, and the joy, in the midst of this uncertain life.

Were it not so, the whole world would soon resound with groans, and the sound of songs and laughter would almost forever. Thank God for the power to forget.

FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

In the flesh and brilliancy of early married love, the first fault committed by the future husband and with commence. As love, in its immature disposition ever in a state of pleasant assignment; and the husband, in his position presumed to be unsanguinated, and form an entirely which recognizes the wife's individuality, her independence, and consciousness, as the basis of their future individuals. The husband, like Jove, sinks the dignity of his martial bliss, should begin to create in his wife a mind those favorable associations which are the precursors of love, and not to effect, indeed, to be, what she is man—by that strong, invisible intercommunion of soul which only can make two one flesh. Love therefore is equally impressive on the wife. In the bridge of her husband's love, while his heart beats responsive to her every wish, and he is found at a fair tablet on which none but summer thoughts are written. Should she begin the task of disillusionizing, as that when the necessity arises she may be able to withdraw herself from his presence, and do it, without effort or inconvenience. Indeed, with both of them this should early be an object of anxiety, so that gradually there should be no gap between them a conciliatory predisposition of tone and manner which, when brought into requisition, would appear more a habit than a duty. Both husband and wife ought to practice this kind of life compulsion; they each men away from even a duty, when clothed in repelling garments; and from this they will be surprised to discover it is that the soil of their tempest, and peculiar mental and moral temperaments, which are the most susceptible be sown only with those seeds which in after years will produce the most delicious fruit that shed such a delicious perfume over hallowed and long-tried wedded love.

GLENORCHY TAKES FOR THE LAIRD.—In the reign of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the Parliament passed an act that any maiden lady of high or low degree should have the right to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exception for her cheerfulness is that

ARCHIE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

He fell asleep when the sunset skies
Were bright with the glorious bloom that lies
On the amaranth hills of Paradise.

Calmly the beauty of eve serene
Stood fronting the sea—and the breezy green
Where the purple steps of the day had been.

We parted away the golden hair
From the baby's brow so still and fair—
And printed our love in kisses there.

We kissed him, asleep in his childish grace;
We dropp'd white buds on his smiling face,
Where never a sin had left its trace.

A light fell out of the solemn sky—
A glitter of wing—and thus knew I
When the beautiful angel—Death—went by

AN ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It had been arranged between George Barton and myself that we would visit Europe together; but when the time came a matter of important business kept me at home. George offered to wait until I could go, but as I knew he had friends in Italy whom he was anxious to see, I urged him to go, and he finally concluded to do so. But before he went I obtained from him a promise that he would write to me as often as he could, and be sure to give me a faithful account of all his adventures. I accompanied him to Boston, and saw him safely off in one of the Cunard steamers for Liverpool.

In due time I received a letter from my friend. He had reached London in safety. Six weeks were spent in England, and though his letters were interesting enough to me, yet they contained little calculated to interest others. At length I received a package from him, containing a letter occupying ten pages of closely written foolscap, and four newspapers. The letter was dated at Paris, and gave the particulars of an adventure so strange and startling that I have deemed it worthy of print. The first page of the document was devoted to an account of his passage from England to France, and having informed me of his safe arrival in Paris, he proceeds:

"As soon as I reached the city I made my way to the *Hotel des Princes*, where I hoped to find some Americans who had been stopping there; but I was disappointed. They had left the day before, and I was the only American in the house; but I knew there were plenty of my countrymen at other places, and I resolved to hunt them up on the next day, and change my quarters. It was too late now to think of moving that day, and as I was a perfect stranger, and cared not to trust strangers, I concluded to remain in doors for the night, and employ my time in writing.

"Accordingly I went to my room and arranged my escritoire, and sat down to my work. I had written an hour when some one rapped upon my door, and as I supposed it must be some servant or *attache* of the hotel, I simply said, 'Come in,' and upon this a boy entered, closing the door after him. He was quite young—not over fifteen or sixteen—and had a bright, intelligent look, though he evidently belonged to the lower grade of society. He glanced about the room with an easy, unconcerned look, and then approached my desk.

"'Is this Mr. Barton?' he asked, in French.

"I told him that was my name.—You know I can speak French almost like a native.

"'Do you know a Mr. Edgar Bunnell? He is a countryman of yours,' pursued the boy.

"I did know such a man, having seen him frequently in our own city; and I furthermore knew that he had been stopping in Paris, as I had seen his name registered. So I replied that I had seen such a man.

"'Well, sir,' the youngster continued, 'he is very anxious to see you. He was taken suddenly sick while walking alone in the Rue Saint Victor, and is now in the house of a perfect stranger. He said he had heard that there were Americans stopping here, and he hired me to come and see.'

"'And what then?' I asked.

"'Why—does not monsieur see? The poor man is sick abed, and he would see a friend—a countryman. I asked him if he was sure I could succeed, and he said if I found an American he would not fail to come. You are the only American I can find here. Will you go?'

"'But where is the Rue Saint Victor?'

"'Only a few steps from the river—it leads direct to the Halle aux Vins.'

"'But how far from here?'

"'Perhaps fifteen minutes' walk, if you can walk as quickly as I can.'

"'When was Mr. Bunnell taken sick?'

"'This very afternoon.'

"How could I refuse to go? There was a countryman, in a strange land, suddenly stricken down, and he needed a friend. Of course I must go. I looked at the boy, and was sure he was honest. I told him I would go. Yet I would not venture out in such a city unarmed, and I went to my dressing-case and took my pistol. It was one of Colt's revolvers, and had six barrels. I knew they were all carefully charged, for I had examined them only a few hours before. I put this in my pocket, unseen by the boy, and then put on my hat and light over-coat. I had no thought of danger particularly, but I knew how many dangers might come unexpectedly in such a place. But, danger or no danger, I could not hesitate, for not on any account would I have had it said that a countryman appealed to me in his helplessness, and I would not listen.

"When all was ready, I turned down the gas, and bade the boy lead the way. We were not long in reaching the river, which we crossed by the Pont Notre Dame, as I could tell by seeing the huge old cathedral looming up in the darkness above the murky gaslight. We were soon threading a labyrinth of narrow streets, and I had as much as I could do to keep my guide in sight.

"'I can walk slower if monsieur wishes,' said my companion, as he came nigh getting away from me in a crowd.

"'No,' I returned. 'I can keep up. But how much farther have we to go?'

"'Only a little way.'

"How far we had come, or what direction we were taking, was more than I could tell. All I knew was, that I was hurrying through a wilderness of houses, and that thousands of others were doing the same. Finally we entered a narrow, dark street, through which few people were moving, and when my guide stopped it was before an old building, the door of which was level with the street, and in one corner of the structure.

"'They'll expect me, so I won't ring,' he said, as he pushed the door open.

"We entered a long, vaulted hall, the only light to which came from a small lamp which stood within a niche by the stairs. This lamp the boy took, and then said, if I would follow him he would lead me at once to Mr. Bunnell's room. We ascended the stairs, and thence passed through a narrow way which seemed to run half around the building in a circular course. I was beginning to get tired of this long travel, when the boy turned into a new channel, and commenced the descent of a flight of stairs.

"'Hold on!' I cried. 'How is this?'

"'O,' the fellow replied, with perfect composure, 'we had to come through the upper part, because there's other families live in the lower part of the front. It's only a step now.'

"I confess I began to have some misgivings; but I would not turn back now, so down the stairs I went, and at the foot I found a low passage, which we followed for some dozen yards, when my guide stopped before a door, which he opened. I passed in after him, and saw him place his lamp upon a table.

"'Mr. Bunnell is in there,' he said, pointing to a door at the other end of the apartment. 'You can go and see him while I go and call master.'

"Without waiting for a reply, he slipped out and closed the door after him. My first impulse was to follow him and call him back; but upon second thought I concluded to go in and see Mr. Bunnell. So I took up the lamp, and went to the door which had been pointed out. It opened easily, and I passed through, but I saw no one. There was a little cot-bed in one corner, but no one was upon it. The room was of medium size, with two doors, but not a window of any kind. The floor was of brick tiles, and the walls seemed to be of stone, or some hard cement. Where was Mr. Bunnell?

"Ah—perhaps he was in the next room; so I went to the other door, and as I approached it I saw that there was a lock upon it, and that the key was in its place. I tried the latch, and the door was opened without the use of the key; but I had taken only one step beyond when I started back in horror. The place was not over eight feet square, and upon the floor lay a female form, with the face, pale and ghastly, turned towards me! The rays of my lamp fell strongly upon the marble-like, reflective features, and I saw that the eyes had started from their sockets, and that the tongue protruded from between the white lips!

"For some moments I was so horror-stricken that my senses seemed almost to forsake me; but when I did think, my first movement was to see if the girl was really dead. I stooped over the form and touched it—and found it stiff and cold. She could not have been over seventeen, and had a face and form of considerable beauty. Her dress was rather poor, and her left forefinger bore the marks of the needle. Around her neck was a dark, livid circle, where she had been strangled! There was nothing else in the room that I could see then—no door, save the one by which I had entered, and no window.

"Of course my next object was to make my escape from this place. Whether I had been brought here to be robbed and murdered, or whether there was a plan on foot to fasten the murder of the girl upon me, I could not tell, nor did I stop long to reflect. I hurried out from the place, through the other two apartments, to the door by which I had entered from the passage. I placed my hand upon the latch, but it would not give. I tried again and again, but with no better success. The door was not only locked, but so stoutly and securely that I very soon made up my mind that I could not force it. It was made of solid oak plank, and was immovable.

"Up to this moment I had been timid and terror-stricken, but my temper became sharpened now. I felt just angry enough to desire a few moments' private interview with the party who had caused all this. Of course I knew the boy could be only an agent, or tool, and I hoped his master, or masters, would make their appearance. Do not think that I would have you believe that I was without fear: I was very fearful, for I knew my life was in danger. The very horrors of the place would have made any man fearful. But I was not tremulously so. I was calm and collected, and my little six-barreled friend gave me a vast deal of confidence.

"After listening awhile, and hearing no sound, I resolved to go back and see if I could discover anything upon the person of the dead girl by which I could learn who she was. I was startled again when I saw her, for I never beheld another such ghastly sight. I have seen men killed—I have seen men shattered almost in pieces—but that pale, marble face, with the bursting eyes and protruding tongue standing out like fiend-marks to mar its beauty—and the place, and the circumstances, too, conspired to render it horrible enough beneath the murky glimmer of my lamp.

"However, I stooped down and turned the body partially upon its side, and, in doing so, I hit the edge of the door, which swung into the room, and threw it almost to. At the same moment I saw a pocket-book upon the floor, which had been concealed by the flowing dress, and at once picked it up. It was well worn and soiled, and I knew it to be the property of a man, and not of the girl who had died. It smelled rank of tobacco and garlic, and had surely seen some service. Upon opening it I found several old papers, but no money. Perhaps these papers might give me some light upon this dark subject. The first which I examined was a memorandum of some sort, but in such hieroglyphics that I could make nothing of it. The second, however, was of some import; and when I had thoroughly decyphered it I had light enough. The following is a literal translation of it:

"'One body to Dr. M. de V., (Male) - - 40f.
"'One body to Dr. S., (Female) - 35f.
"'One body to Dr. Z., (Female) - 35f.

"Was it not plain enough now? The whole plot was unfolded to me as clearly as could be. I was to be made food for the dissecting-knife of some studious doctor, and was already in the trap! And my body would be sold for forty francs! My soul knocked out—my wind stopped—and all for that paltry sum! My soul, what a price for a murder! But then the body-catchers might get some perquisites beside. Ah—yes—surely. I had over two hundred francs in gold in my pocket; and my clothes, and jewelry, and watch were worth over twelve hundred more. But they wouldn't make much by the strangling of the poor girl, for her garments would hardly have paid for the trouble of getting them off. But—hark!

"I had just returned the ghostly memorandum to the wallet, and put the latter into my pocket, when I heard the outer door open. As I said before, I had nearly closed the door of the vault in which I stood when I turned the body over, and now I shut it entirely, being careful to make no noise, and placed my ear at the key-hole. In a few moments I heard the voices of two men in the adjoining apartment.

"'Hallo—his light's gone out,' said one.

"'*Hola! Hola-ho!* Monsieur, your countryman is here!'

"'Is he on the bed?'

"'No.'

"'*Pardieu!* is he gone? Didn't the boy bring him here?'

"'Certainly he did. Eugene could have made no such blunder.'

"'He can't have gone in THERE!'

"'No—I locked the door myself.'

"'*Peste!* There's the key in the lock now. *Sacre!* he'll know his fate!'

"'Careful! Let's see.'

"The fellows stopped speaking, and I heard them advance towards the door of the vault. They stopped and whispered a moment, and I could make out the words '*easy*,' '*club*,' '*rope*,' '*hist!*' and some other expressions, all of which went to prove that the two villains meant to despatch me as quickly as possible. I held my pistol firmly and steadily, for my nerves were as immovable as were those of the dead girl at my feet. I heard a hand upon the latch—the door was pushed slowly open, and a lamp poked in.

"'He isn't here!' said the man with the lamp, in a perplexed tone.

"'Have we lost all that?' cried the other, angrily.

"The first speaker had not entered far enough to peep into my corner when he spoke, but presently he put his head further in, and as his temple came within range, I sent a bullet through his brain, and with a single gurgling gasp he fell forward at my feet. The second man hesitated but an instant, and leaped in with a heavy club raised ready for a blow. But he came upon a man prepared for him. My pistol was within six inches of his head as he turned, and as the cracking report of charge number two died away, he lay atop of his companion, with a bullet-hole in the place of his right eye!

"I only stopped to see that both men were dead, and then, having seen that the four remaining barrels of my pistol were ready for use, I grasped it in my right hand, picked up the lamp with my left, and started from the horrid place. I found the doors open, or, at least, unlocked, and, without meeting a soul, I made my way to the street, being careful to take particular notice of the house. At the first respectable-looking shop I stopped, and hired a boy to conduct me to my hotel, which we reached a little after ten. Then I told the landlord of my adventure, and he went with me to the Prefect of Police, to which functionary I told my story over again. It was a happy discovery for him, for he told me the sous-prefets had been after that very trap for two weeks, having received reliable information that such a horrible den was in existence.

"I gave the name of the street, and half-a-dozen officers conducted me thither, when I readily pointed out the house. We made our way to the vault where I had left the dead, and all three bodies were still there. But not a living soul could we find in the whole house. The boy had fled, and if others had been there, they had fled, too. The only thing to be found implicating any one was the memorandum I had in my possession, and upon the strength of that six physicians have been arrested. The police are still upon the scent, and I think they have got a clue to the boy, as one of the sous-prefets has just been in to get a more thorough description of him from me.

"At first I wondered how the rogues could have found me so readily; but of course they could find my name upon the register, and see thereby that I was a new-comer. And from this register, too, they can easily learn all they wish. They are keen chaps. However, when the case comes to trial, I will give you all the particulars. And—you must make the most of this adventure, for I don't mean to have any more such, if I can possibly avoid it."

TO MY FRIEND.

BY "HATTIE."

For years and years thy pleasant face
Haunted my wandering way
Without a hint of what, at last,
Thy daring lips would say.

And not one dim foreshadowing
Of that great mystery,
Now lying on us like a spell,
Was ever seen by me.

How strange are all the ways of life!
And, oh! how full of fear!
How *surely* trembling goes with love,
And sorrow follows near.

Ah! were we two to join our hands,
And heart to heart to tell
Of what thy fond words warmly paint,
Oh! *friend*, it were not well.

A moment's joy, and years of pain;
One smile, and many tears;
Claspings and kisses, parting sighs;
Then endless lonely years.

This were the dear-bought happiness
Thy granted wish would gain;
And as I truly value thee,
Thy wish must be in vain.

ALGERNON THE MERCHANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The day closed, and Algernon, the merchant, turned thoughtfully from his counting-room, and took his way homeward. Almost without intermission, since morning, had he been absorbed in his money schemes, gathering in golden sheaves of wealth from the harvest fields of trade.

"Am I happier for all this?" he said, questioning with himself; "does the larger increase add to my pleasure? Do houses and lands bring peace of mind, or ships upon the ocean a tranquil spirit? Rather do not all these things multiply cares? Is my sleep sounder than it was twenty years ago, or my heart lighter?"

Away back into the past went his thoughts, as the last sentence was uttered, and he remembered the time when, with the closing of day, he could dismiss the day's business, and find a pure delight in the humble home where wife and children welcomed his return with gladness. Now, his magnificent dwelling was as little enjoyed as a prisoner's cell, for his affections were not there, but winging their way, with his thoughts, afar off to distant seas or strange lands, or hovering about amid brilliant schemes golden with the promise of untold wealth.

Algernon sighed as he contrasted days gone by with the present, and his heart acknowledged that he was happier then than now. The merchant was in a softer mood than usual, and it was well for the half-starving woman, whose white face looked into his imploringly, that it was so. She had thrown herself, almost desperately, in his way, just as he turned from the crowded thoroughfare into a less frequented street, not far from his luxurious home, and with this appeal—

"If you have children, sir, pity mine."

"What of your children?" asked the merchant, as he stood still, and looked into the woman's pale, pleading face, down upon which the rays of a gas-lamp fell, and showed its lines of sorrow and suffering.

"They are hungry, and I have no food for them; they are sick, and I cannot get them medicine."

"Is this true?" said the merchant, half in doubt. Such extremity seemed almost impossible to him.

"Come and see! O, sir, come and see!" Hope, doubt, anguish, all blended in that mother's voice.

"Where is your home?" asked Algernon.

"Only in the next street," was replied.

"I will go with you. Lead the way."

Hurrying on before with rapid feet went the eager woman; following, with a quicker movement than usual, came the merchant. They were soon at an old pile of buildings, not far from the place of meeting. The woman entered, and Algernon followed. The sight that met his eyes stirred all the man within him, and awakened his utmost pity. A sick child, with hollow cheeks, waxen face, and large, glistening eyes, lay upon an old quilt on the floor; another wan-looking child sat crouching in the chimney corner, trying to warm her half naked body by the almost imperceptible heat of a few dying coals; while a third, not over six years of age, stood on the other side of the fireplace, mumbling at a bone from which it was impossible to extract nutrition.

"It is even so!" said the merchant, as he glanced in painful surprise about the room. Then he gave the woman money, and told her to go quickly for food to nourish her children, and fuel to warm them. Nor did humanity end its good work here. He went to a store in the neighborhood, and purchased beds and bed clothing for the destitute family, and saw these comforts conveyed to the room they occupied, and the children, after being warmed and fed, laid in them, with their faces full of wonder and gladness.

In a single half-hour Algernon, the merchant, had changed the cold, desolate home of a poor widow into what, to her and her children, was now a Paradise of comfort. There was a large, glowing fire upon the hearth, making the air of the room rosy with light and genial with warmth. Added to a few broken chairs and an old table, which made the only furniture of the apartment, were two plain bedsteads, with beds and warm clothing laid over them, giving their promise of rest and comfort in the long, cold nights. Flour, meal, meat, bread, sufficient to supply the little family for weeks, were piled up in one corner, and the mother crumpled tightly in her hand a slip of paper containing an order for fuel enough to last the winter through.

"May He who pities the widow and the fatherless be better to you than this, even a thousand fold," said the woman, as Algernon was leaving. Her eyes were full of tears, but the heart's warm glow of thankfulness was on her face and in her voice. "And may the memory of this good deed go with you as a blessing through life."

An hour later, and the merchant sat alone in one of the luxurious apartments of his palace-home. A book lay on the table beside him, and his hand rested upon an open page. He had been reading, and this sentiment had arrested his attention, and given his thoughts a new direction—"We only possess what we have bestowed." At first the strangely sounding apothegm struck him as a paradox.

"Possess only what we have bestowed!" said he, talking with himself. "How can I possess what I have given to another? The thing is absurd. And yet this writer is not in the habit of uttering absurd things. What does he mean?"

Algernon turned to the book again and read on. "Only what we enjoy do we really possess." He lifted his eyes from the page again, and mused on this other proposition.

"There is truth somewhere here—a newer and higher truth than my thought has yet apprehended," Algernon talked on again with himself. "I have acquired great possessions—are they enjoyed? Am I happier now than when my wealth could be told in half the figures it now takes to record the sum? I have lands, houses, ships, gold, merchandise—do I really possess them?—that is, in this sense of enjoyment? Do they not, in fact, weigh heavier upon my spirit with each new accumulation, making possession but a mockery?"

From ships and merchandise, houses and lands, the thought of Algernon turned to the widow and her children, relieved from suffering under the sudden activity of an impulsive benevolence.

Instantly a glow of pleasure warmed his heart, and a thrill of delight went trembling to the very centre of his being. Thirty dollars had this good deed cost him in money; and, already, he was in the possession of higher enjoyments therefrom than all his day's large accumulations had given.

"This I possess!" he said, with rising enthusiasm. "This I have for all time, and for all eternity, a source of perennial pleasure. Moth cannot corrupt it, fire cannot burn it, thieves cannot break through and steal it away. I can lay me down in the grave, and yet not lose my hold upon it. Is not this possession in its sublimest sense?"

Then the thoughts of Algernon went back upon his life, turning the pages of memory, and searching for the good deeds he had done. They were "few and far between," but around each was a halo that illumined the whole page. Side by side with the good deeds, were recorded the gains of the merchant; but always some other memory shadowed these records of gain, and robbed them of blessing.

"These—these," said the merchant, as his thoughts returned to the present, "are my only real possessions. And yet how few they are—how poor I am! Algernon, the rich merchant, has made small accumulations, indeed! But, thanks to the Moralist, he has found the way that leads to another El Dorado."

A PLAIN TRUTH.

No man has a right to marry till, in every human probability, assured that he can support a family in his own station. Mere love or improvident matches seldom turn out well: poverty comes, and there is so much self-reproach on either side, that gall is added to its bitterness; their tempers are soured, and they soon wish themselves unmarried. But when trials assail an attached, reasonable pair, sorrow unites them closer: the man, feeling how much depends on him, never flags in his exertion, and often recovers the lost step; if not, there is still consolation in his wife's unvarying love—in her sweet, noiseless sacrifices. In these uncertain times, there are few commercial men but have met with reverses; and they will often say, "Had it not been for those at home, I should have blown my brains out; I could not have stood it." Wife and children! they are a beacon to us in our troubled sea: we renew the struggle when ready to sink beneath the wave, and at last are saved. At the worst, when all is black—when friends are cooled or reproachful—when the cruellest doubts assail us—there is still one who respects and loves us; at home we are still dear.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.—An American writer says: "We are born in a hurry; we are educated with speed; we make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and to re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, traveling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high-pressure engine, our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

A WEDDING.

A wedding is a pretty sight, and there are few things we enjoy more. We must be very hard pressed for time when we pass a church, with any suspicious matrimonial signs about it, without peeping in. Curtail it as we may, marriage is a solemn rite, an awful obligation.

A bride—even the plainest—is interesting for the nonce. From the loveliest daughter of our republican aristocracy, who delicately ungloves her taper fingers, to the servant-girl who displays her labor-hardened, red hand, the pervading beauty of woman then makes itself felt. It is astonishing, too, how self-possessed they all are. The man looks sheepish, frightened, half ashamed, half sorry; but the very importance of the moment gives the bride firmness; her heart is in the service—she forgets all petty considerations, and she goes through it gracefully. This is an inherent gift in the sex, not only in weddings, but in all solemnities where any display is required.

Her husband, now that he has made the plunge, is no longer shivering on the brink—regains his composure, and begins to look as if this really would be the happiest day in his life. He takes pride in his choice; you see at last that his was a free-will offering—that he was not the victim his doleful, nervous appearance had led you to suspect. His eye beams as it rests on the sweet companion by his side, who has so fully given her heart—committed her fate to him; and for that day, at least, he is sincere in his promise that, as far as in him lies, she shall never have cause to repent her trust.

The bride!—a thousand conflicting feelings agitate her; she would not leave him for worlds; but her heart sinks within her as she remembers that the paternal roof is no longer her home. The words—those solemn words—still ring in her ear; she is now his wife! What a host of duties these words, husband and wife, convey to the thinking mind; wo to those who enter on them lightly!

To live yourselves, you hope for life in the most intimate companionship—to have one heart, one mind—to study each other's character, and adapt yourselves to their idiosyncracies—to walk hand in hand through life, battling its storms together, gilding them with love's sunshine—working for and with each other, strengthening failing hopes, gently chastising faults, preserving our own principles in the hour of trial, and supporting those of our comrade—resigning our own wishes in mutual anticipation of the other's: this is marriage.

It is not, as silly girls and boys would think, an excuse for freedom of will—a plea for increased importance; it is a voluntary entrance on the serious business of life. Our duties are by it multiplied; and, if we choose, our pleasures also. Yet, by our own faults, that state which should redeem us—which was granted as the highest gift to man—is degraded and obscured. Men and women marry without fitting preparation; they enthusiastically snatch up the cross; it becomes a heavy burthen, which they can no longer lay down.

ANIMAL PROGNOSTICS.

The lower animals in a state of nature, or exposed in the open fields, are very susceptible of atmospheric changes. Sheep eat greedily before a storm, and sparingly before a thaw. When they leave the high parts of their range, when they bleat much in the evening, or during the night, we may expect severe weather. Goats seek a place of shelter, while swine carry litter, and cover themselves better than ordinary before a storm. Frost is foretold by the cat scratching a post or wall; and a thaw, when she washes her face, or when frogs come from their winter concealment. The gathering of grouse into large flocks, the diving of sparrows in dry dust, the fluttering of wild ducks as they flap their wings, the dismal, lengthened howl of sea-gulls in an inland place, or around lakes, the mournful note of the curlew, the shrill whew of the plover, the whet-whet-whet of the chaffinch perched upon a tree, the crowing of the cock at unusual times—all prognosticate rain or snow. When the fieldfare, redwing, starling, swan, snow-fleck, and other birds of passage, arrive soon from the north, it indicates an early and severe winter. When gnats bite very keenly, when flies keep near the ground (shown by swallows that feed upon the wing flying low) we look for wind and rain. But the most wonderful influence of atmospheric changes is upon those creatures that burrow in the ground. The earthworm appearing in abundance indicates rain. In like manner the mole seems to feel its approach, as a day or two before he raises more hillocks than usual; and when, after a long, severe frost, he begins again to work, it will soon become fresh. The effects of electricity are well known, both on the atmosphere and on animals; and the deposition of the aqueous vapors with the relaxing damp near the face of the earth, which in certain states takes place, may give rise to this increased activity.

NEW VIRTUE IN COFFEE.

The London Medical Gazette gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvium occasioned by the clearing out of a manure pit, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee-roaster, although the cleansing of the pit continued for several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the rooms which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

To make home truly happy, there should be no concealments—that is the canker-worm. Let a woman tell her troubles and follies freely to her husband, and he will assist her out of them. He is her other self, not her judge and master. If a man confide in his wife, her penetration and quick wit will often see things that escaped him. We are in the world all day—our minds are occupied by many details; but she sits at home, often alone, or but with an infant companion; she thinks over what you have told her, and sees it in many lights: she has had the time you wanted. The discovery that there has been a secret excites a jealousy, and loosens the ties of affection on either side. Without perfect and entire confidence, married happiness is seldom lasting

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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PEACE OR WAR.

The policy of the United States is to be at peace with all nations while peace is consistent with her principles and honor. Unentangled in the meshes of diplomacy, and free to pursue her course as she will, her position amid contending empires is of the highest power and influence. She is not weakened by treaties to uphold any craft, nor to fight any faction but her own. It was the counsel of the Father of Washington, whose suggestions still pierced the future of the Republic, to keep aloof from entangling alliances. Strong nations need no such guards, and it is best for us that they remain, the strong must suffer in fact so far as they bear up and sustain the weak.

But there is a point when peace would be dishonorable—when neutrality would become faithlessness and cowardice. While the United States remains no war upon nations will trouble us except the wages insolent battle, and has done so since the foundation of the Republic, with every form and principle of despotism. It has not been long brought for cannon and bayonets into the strife, she has with mightier moral weapons—the examples of her government and institutions, and the voice of her people and press—kept up a moral effect, resulting in revolutions among nations and governments. And her moral war has not been relieved her in physical collision with any nation. This she has pursued at a distance, steadily and effectively, and many a tyrant has felt its caustic and creed, has bitten the dust coming an enemy who forfeited no treaty, no alliance.

To war against despotism by force of position and example, no man can object to. This is a lesson great living no soon perish in the world's memory. Only now and then a rare conqueror or tyrant survives beyond the second generation. Yet, who still do write a space with their living movement after he has left the stage of action, but all Christendom must "prick their ears" to hear the slightest bodkin. Distinction or attempt is marked with an admiration point. The recent burial of an English statesman—and a statesman indeed, something of an event that was, were it not that there is such a "rush" more of the same breed to marry and bury—has been noticed the world by. German royalty is fecund, and not least the English branch of it.

It is not too much in this democratic age to call upon all mankind to excite themselves over each and every of such a swarm of royal beggars for beggars they truly are; and each fresh drowsy begetting of them is a reminder for crown to press out the sweat and blood of millions.

THE END PETTIGOAT.

Feminity is on tip-toe. The red petticoat is the banner under which thousands of women-headed garments are lying in wait for the unsuspecting "enemy" to be overwhelmed. Their forces are expected to do sanguinary execution; and we only enjoy a respite from our doors, because, among the hue no, to fair consideration has yet been found sufficient nerve to wield the blood-red instrument in public. We are told that it will be in the probability that this new fashion, as was the Bloomer, will be laughed out of court by the women, devoid of taste, and ever disposed to make ridiculous exhibitions of themselves. The world, however, will be ready to fall down in the mouth of the red petticoat. In such an event, its wearers, instead of achieving conquest, would only excite mankind's laughter.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

In China no one is held amenable to a law until he has had opportunity to learn its nature and object and character. To this end every new edict is sent at once from the capital to the farthest part of the empire, and it publicly posted at central points in districts—comparing with our school districts, and is also considered in force only from that moment. This period enables all to become familiar with the law. In order to make the knowledge general in the system, it is made incumbent on parents to on educate their children. Every father knows that he shall all be able to read. Any failure in this respect is punished by the government taking charge of the directed education, and subtracting the cost of his them to the service of the State. Are our methods of diffusing a knowledge of our laws wiser than these?

THE BEAUTIES OF BROADWAY.

There have been more beautiful women in Broadway this winter than during any single season of the oldest inhabitant's memory. For this there are probably largely indebted to the unprecedentedly fine weather we have enjoyed. Clear, bracing, sunshiny afternoons have been the rule during the winter; and what is better for a pretty woman's beauty than a clear, bracing, sunshiny afternoon? It gives grace to the carriage, elasticity to the step, radiance to the cheek, vivacity to the eye, and a hue of celestial, rosy red to the lips.

A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS.—We received a visit, last week, from Mr. Charles F. Todd, manufacturer of gold pens at 169 Broadway. Mr. Todd is afraid that some people may confound him with the "C. E. Todd & Co., of 382 Broome street," referred to in our issue of Feb. 28. We do not think there is much danger of this, as he does a legitimate business, and does not sell under false colors.

DINNUN.

Some of the Washington letter-writers, with an owl-like solemnity, are predicting, in view of the coming events, the dissolution of the Union. Writing to the North, they aver that if Kansas be admitted with the Lecompton Constitution, civil war and the "crack of doom" will come to the Republic; writing to the South, they prophesy wreck and ruin if the Lecompton concoction fails. Miserable croakers are these Brighams, all! Kansas must show the horns of a worse dilemma before the fate of this Union can be hung upon either.

Has not some where a Bible full of fanatics or sectionalists, from either side—supposing our Representatives all such, can shake the firm fabric of the Republic. No right or power to this end has been delegated to them. The Union is just the heritage and property of the people. They have further use for it. It is their's, and woe to the politician or the party that disputes their possession. No convulsion that can be stirred up at Washington, however excited all may be depressed, can smother the Union—though it might crush the wretches who stirred it. The American people are not so utterly debauched and mad as to cast down the temple and overthrow the shrine of their liberty. North and South, their great heart, in the mass, beats true to the Union—age, fame with a fire that would scorch into ashes the first traitor hand or tongue that dared seriously assail it. If a few evil-minded men, either at the North or South, set their wits there would be danger; but the question of dissolving the Union is not one for twenty-five millions of people, and the sober sense of the better class of those will save the country, in spite of Kansas, or whatever other political sore

OUR FUTURE RULERS.

Who and what will they be, and whence will they come?

This is an important social question. We proceed to answer it briefly with a practical purpose. The leading men of commercial and general business, and in the professions are rapidly becoming their way up from the humbler walks of life—often from lower, working-class, and even the ill-reputation! Yes, the children of the very parents whom the wealthy and fashionable of the present generation, helping with their alms, will supplant the children of the successors in the next! This may seem strange as well as true to the careless and short-sighted observer. But there will be no mistake to the thoughtful student of social life as they now are.

If the energies of the broad acres of the manor in his great mansion, surrounded by his servants and equipages, or the dweller in the Avenue where wealth (or the semblance of it) and luxury flow away, will make girls of his sons, he need not expect skills to make them successful men in business life. No, no. Such may prepare themselves to be the mere ornaments of society, or the idle heirs who served the builders of their massive thundering door sens seats. They will do this by virtue of the physical training they were reared to, while the children of luxury and refinement were being enfeebled, and pitied, and spoiled.

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

What a host of Princes, Princesses, and royal children live, mollusked and forgotten, in the crypts and tombs of the Old World! We say, this is a once great living so soon perish in the world's memory. Only now and then a rare conqueror or tyrant survives beyond the second generation. Yet, who still do write a space with their living movement after he has left the stage of action, but all Christendom must "prick their ears" to hear the slightest bodkin. Distinction or attempt is marked with an admiration point. The recent burial of an English statesman—and a statesman indeed, something of an event that was, were it not that there is such a "rush" more of the same breed to marry and bury—has been noticed the world by. German royalty is fecund, and not least the English branch of it.

It is not too much in this democratic age to call upon all mankind to excite themselves over each and every of such a swarm of royal beggars for beggars they truly are; and each fresh drowsy begetting of them is a reminder for crown to press out the sweat and blood of millions.

THE END PETTICOAT.

Feminity is on tip-toe. The red petticoat is the banner under which thousands of women-headed garments are lying in wait for the unsuspecting "enemy" to be overwhelmed. Their forces are expected to do sanguinary execution; and we only enjoy a respite from our doors, because, among the hue no, to fair consideration has yet been found sufficient nerve to wield the blood-red instrument in public. We are told that it will be in the probability that this new fashion, as was the Bloomer, will be laughed out of court by the women, devoid of taste, and ever disposed to make ridiculous exhibitions of themselves. The world, however, will be ready to fall down in the mouth of the red petticoat. In such an event, its wearers, instead of achieving conquest, would only excite mankind's laughter.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

In China no one is held amenable to a law until he has had opportunity to learn its nature and object and character. To this end every new edict is sent at once from the capital to the farthest part of the empire, and it publicly posted at central points in districts—comparing with our school districts, and is also considered in force only from that moment. This period enables all to become familiar with the law. In order to make the knowledge general in the system, it is made incumbent on parents to on educate their children. Every father knows that he shall all be able to read. Any failure in this respect is punished by the government taking charge of the directed education, and subtracting the cost of his them to the service of the State. Are our methods of diffusing a knowledge of our laws wiser than these?

THE BEAUTIES OF BROADWAY.

There have been more beautiful women in Broadway this winter than during any single season of the oldest inhabitant's memory. For this there are probably largely indebted to the unprecedentedly fine weather we have enjoyed. Clear, bracing, sunshiny afternoons have been the rule during the winter; and what is better for a pretty woman's beauty than a clear, bracing, sunshiny afternoon? It gives grace to the carriage, elasticity to the step, radiance to the cheek, vivacity to the eye, and a hue of celestial, rosy red to the lips.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A LEAF FOR GENTLEMEN.

Heaven forbid that I should make any woman's heart ache; I leave that to the men, some of them must learn for nothing else; and so, by the fair correspondent who makes this grave charge against me, I will try to say, once for all, a word in the case when I get submissory letters for any publication of mine—which, by the way, I never but a small proportion to those I receive of grateful thanks—I find that the objector has, by design or accident, misread some of my articles.

In a late contribution of mine to the Ledger on maternity women, among this subject, I referred to no man for rushing from a house whose mistress habitually, and from choice, pours out his coffee in cup, coffee-grounds, eggs, and dry-shod. As my correspondent, quite overlooking the phrase "habitually *and from choice*," draws a heart-rending picture of a sick mother, with four or five ailing children, sleepless nights, and a cross husband, who hurries his tired wife out of bed in the morning with an oath, after wakefulness all night, to get his breakfast; and because her toilette is not, and can not be, under such circumstances, unexceptionable, she should be pardoned, and not cursed by way of reproach.

I will not here twist his miserable neck for it! Didn't I say women who "*from choice*" were slatternly at the breakfast table? Didn't I draw for the other sex, or even to perform the operation myself, with shrieking to be taken up; with another child clinging to her skirts; with the baby in her arms; with little insect-grief, big to him as a giant's troubles, and quite as much to be respected, too; let this nay scene strange as well as unnatural, the careless and short-sighted observer. But there will be no breach of faith, no heartlessness in social life as they now are.

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MY BOY SLEEPING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Sleep takes the palace of the weary world,
With what a radiant silence rolls yon moon
Amid the stars,
All quiet as himself!
Through the lit window of my chamber here—
Lit by the calm like splendor of yon star—
I gaze on their calm glory, while I lift
My thoughts to Him who made them and me—
The world's one human face—the soul of flowers
Kissed in the sunlight by a wedding wind
Escaped from the gates of Paradise.
Sleep on, dear one, dear boy—but in my heart
There is a joy too deep for slumber—joy
That the Almighty God hath given to me
A soul to let the beauty of His work—
Joy that beside me rests my own one here,
Crowned size with a soul
That may in Nature's own good time
Feel all the harmony of an ever-ruled Earth,
And list the footsteps of yon ancient stars,
Moving from order true,
Father above!
Here solemnly would I breathe a father's prayer.
Thy sleepless eye beholds the infant's heart—
Thy tireless strength keeps its benignant watch
Over his sunniness—
Then, Mighty One!
To whom but Thee can prayer be lifted up!

O! order as he sent that he may know
The holy meaning of Thy wordless word—
That seeing truth
In all this great Creation's marvelous ways
Fullnished shall never swerve his lips,
But truth sit like a crown upon his brow
Her child, Supreme One! alone:
Father above!
The stately heaven and Thy Universe,
So lift he here that he may catch from them
A dignity of mind and soul,
And make his life a use and harmony:
And yet still more
O! when he hears the breathing of Thy God of Love
Through earthly cadences and harmony—
May he with love suffuse,
See with ailment strength, and give the earth
Thy thus that he will be a man,
And Thine,
Thus, without these, to all perfects the earth
Yearning it many Thy image.

O, Father-One!
Thus solemnly do I breathe a father's prayer

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION

CHAPTER XXII.

SIR'S REVENGE.

It is not to be supposed that the professional exercises of *Fiddler Dick*, and his partner, Mr. Dexter, had altogether escaped the notice of the police. On the contrary, they had long kept an eye upon them both, but so cleverly were their operations carried on, that hitherto detection had been impossible. Both the men knew they were watched, and shielded at the time of detaining the officers, but there was one point neither of them had calculated upon.

But knew it, too.

Great natures are invariably revengeful. As long as her husband permitted her to use the children as she pleased, Bet found an outlet for her revenge hunger. But when the quarrel between her and Lillian, against whom she had conceived a most violent hatred, it recoiled upon herself.

Strange that the oft solitary good action of his life should have been the cause of his punishment for so many bad ones.

The woman meditated well the game she had to play, before taking a single step towards the accomplishment of her design, well knowing the result to herself in case of failure. At times her courage failed, and she half resolved to abandon her design. Then some taunting, bitter gibe, or a blow, perhaps, would rekindle her resentment, till it burnt stronger than ever.

Meanwhile, the innocent object of her hatred did everything in her power to conciliate her. No matter how harshly Bet spoke to her she answered humbly, if not cheerfully. The fearful scowl, or still more fearful oath, was the signal for the little one to make fury condescended to make her. And fortunate it was that blows were not added. But Dick's meanness had hitherto protected her from them, even in his absence. She recollected the expression of his face, the peculiar clenching down of the corners of his mouth, when he uttered them, and knew that he would not be wholly blind to them. Had a doubt remained upon her mind, Bet would long since have gratified her malice by tormenting and ill-using Lillian.

The occasion on which the woman fully made up her mind was a very trivial one, and showed how an evil word may rankle in a still more evil heart.

Fiddler Dick had just been giving Lilly her lesson, and satisfied with the evening's labors of his child in silence, called his wife to look at her.

"I've seen enough of her," growled Bet.

That she noticed the trifling error of the lips, in all probability her words would have ended there, but she instantly added—

"You seem uncommon fond on her; it's my belief your half in love with the pretty-faced brat!"

"No matter on that plot, old girl," replied the fellow, carelessly; "and when she is old enough I shall be all the other half!"

This retort, which was meaningless—for the speaker's exhaustion of liquor alone merely from her supposed resemblance to himself—added to the glee she had previously been drinking, roused the fury of the woman beyond the power of self-control, and vowing, in her own expressive language, that she would limb her, she started towards the terrified child.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed her husband, stepping between them.

"Let me get at her!" exclaimed the half-drunken fury, struggling to pass him.

"Slash it, I say—yer won't, won't you? Take it, then!"

A blow followed, and Bet fell senseless upon the floor of the kitchen.

Accustomed as he had been to beat and tyrannize over her, little did he imagine how severe that blow was, that blow, and the idle words which preceded it, would be avenged.

From that day Bet took little or no notice of Lillian, and drank but sparingly of her favorite beverage. Her husband observed the change, but profited by the lesson, and paid no attention to her sulky looks—he could cure them, he thought, at any time.

It was in vain that Dexter, who had been present at the quarrel, warned him there was danger in the sudden change. His partner only laughed at him for his apprehensions. He knew how to deal with women. Bet might grumble and take the sulks, but in the end was true as steel.

In his confidence he forgot that steel is the very article rope are made of.

Considering that Fiddler Dick was naturally of a suspicious nature, the confidence he placed in Bet was extraordinary; his best affections that is to say, his money, was in her keeping; an additional temptation to betray him, for him as recorded thirty pounds. With thirty pounds and the freedom, what might she not command?—independence—that word so dear to every woman's heart; and what, in the present instance, appeared still more delicious, undisputed control over the fate of poor Lilly; the object of her hatred would be entirely at her mercy, and with fiend-like malice she gloated over the thought.

As a matter of prudence, her advance to the police were made with due caution. It was only when her husband had left the house, and she returned to hold intercourse with the detective, who, in the disguise of a journeyman-baker, for several days had been lingering about the house.

"Only curious to let us take him to the test," said the officer, "and I can promise you his pounds. He has long been wanted."

"And how long will he get it for?" demanded Bet; for the question was an important one to her, more so even than the reward.

"Seven years, at the least," replied the trapper, who perfectly read her motives.

"It will be a long matter," observed the woman, wiping the cold perspiration from her red, flushed face; "I think never worths the candle in London."

THE TIGRESS FOILED OF HER PREY.

"I understand."

"You'll find the swag in his hand."

It was not because Fiddler Dick was known to be a dexterous pickpocket that the police were so exceedingly anxious to get him into their hands, but on account of an extensive burglary which it was presumed he had taken part in, or at least could furnish a clue to the perpetrators of it, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered.

"Do you leave London by train?" inquired the officer.

"No; we work our way down," replied Bet.

"How am I to know when you start?"

The woman refused for an instant. It was a delicate point, for every step she took in the affair increased danger to her husband. Fiddler Dick was one of those characters most likely to take grateful means of thwarting or her mistress of betraying him on the slightest suspicion. He never reasoned.

"You know our house?" she said.

"Yes."

The question was almost a needless one. The man had been watching round it for the last fortnight, sometimes in one disguise, sometimes in another. One day he played as a journeyman baker; with a basket on his shoulders; the next as a tobacconist, or a cadging. Perhaps he might have met him the facility with which he changed his appearance.

"You know the window over the door?" was interpreted the woman.

"The one with the bundle of white rags stuffed in the broken pane?"

"My night-cap," answered Bet. "Well then, when you see a blue rag in the place of it, you'll know that we are off."

The woman nodded approvingly. It looked, he thought, as if the speaker this time really meant business.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "You have stood shilly-shallying and disappointed me more than once already. If you play me false after you've got a hurry; but if you play me false this time, I will take care that Fiddler Dick *hears of* your intention to sell him."

"You don't mean that!"

"It's the very thing I do mean," replied the man; "so now you know exactly what you may expect."

Bet vowed to be true; the threat seriously alarmed her; for, as the speaker said, she did know exactly what the night expected in the event of her keeping his word.

The officer thrust a sovereign into her hand. The woman looked at it, returned it, and went to a hoard she no longer retained the power of cancelling.

"You say he'll get seven years?" she muttered.

"Perhaps more."

This assurance reassured her, and after looking carefully around to see that no one had been observing them, Bet returned home. As she entered the kitchen she saw Lillian and Lilly sitting together upon their stills. A cruel knit her naturally bottle brown, and the thought how soon she would have the innocent object of her hatred in her power filled her malignancy with new joy.

If the wife of Fiddler Dick was good at anything, it was at hating; it did not even cost her an effort, but was a self-developing.

The day dawned at last on which the Harold was to sail. All the regiment were on board; the band had been the last to embark, which they did to the sound of their own instruments playing, as if in mockery of the groups of disconsolate women gathered on the beach. "The girl I left behind me." Many of these females were the wives of soldiers who had married without the colonel's permission, a serious offence according to the military law. We have known a husband confined to barracks for months, his punishment commencing the very day after his marriage, for no other cause.

To be sure he had one satisfaction: whilst pacing the barrack yard he might hear the band of an evening playing at the officers' mess, which he never shall be absent," and other patriotic and heart-stirring airs.

Sir Charles and Lady Fourmaux had already embarked. Rose, Corporal Stock, and one or two of the servants remained at the hotel to follow with a portion of the baggage. On their way through the square they were impeded by a crowd gathered to witness the exhibition of some itinerant mountebanks.

Three children dressed in miserably thin muslin frocks, their necks and arms quite bare, were dancing upon stilts, to the accompaniment of a drum and Pandean pipes played by Mr. Dexter; his partner, his operations screened by his wife, who held Lillian by the hand, was busily exercising his pocket-handkerchief.

The child not being yet considered sufficiently accomplished to appear in public, still wore the clothes of poor Pan; consequently there was nothing to identify them as forming part of the troupe.

But, who, in order to keep herself perfectly cool on the occasion, had abstained from her usual potations, noticed that; whichever way she moved, two respectable-looking men, one having the appearance of a tradesman, the other dressed as a countryman, followed her.

They were the detective and his companion. She speedily recognized the former.

But what she did not observe was a woman in a cloak and veil who watched her too—the female being no other than Rose, who had recognized Lillian in the crowd, yet dared not speak to her.

"Now," said Mr. Dexter, whose gift of the palate was not the least of his accomplishments, "before the public, the discriminating public, who only wait to show their solid appreciation of talent, with the '*gilded Reed*,' young ladies—"

The man continued, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, before striking up, "in which they succeed better by far nearly Hughes, and Royal Highness the prince, and their Royal Highnesses, the princess and princesses, at Windsor—Reed," he added, in an undertone.

The music commenced, and as Mr. Dexter could do the broken pieces to perfection, he and the little Pandean pipes at the same time, his discourse commenced.

Unnatural as such an exhibition in the children was, the performance, nevertheless, and the position of the crowd became riveted upon them quite as fondly as the attention of the police officers upon the group. Bet's movements, and those who felt that the moment for its performance had come, were unobserved. She had waited this time for the task; perhaps his hand was a little more sure, his eye more keenly directed to the unaware him, or the morning drop had not produced its usual effects upon his nerves.

Be that as it may, he succeeded.

The third turned from him with disgust; in fact, he looked upon the shrewish wife as worthy of her as a doubtful character. What right had a person who kept a crowd to watch a crowd with complicity pockets, casting him to lose his valuable time? It was shameful, to say the least of it.

Fiddler Dick had succeeded upon a comfortable discovery. Here was an easy victim—her arms were full of handkerchiefs, and handkerchiefs, who held in a little boy in order that he might see the engaged. But he decided to his commonplacity, and disliked the delicate manipulation with her simple person. Had her husband was thus engaged, she said a horrid look around. The detective and the female in the cloak and veil were close behind him.

The woman's countenance fell, who held

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

When Peter Mangles informed his employer of Rachel's resolution not to abandon her husband in the path of reformation, which, at its commencement, requires kind words and patient smiles to cheer on onward, for it is only towards its close that the flower become less beguiling, and the fruit more palatable, which at its commencement gives up to bitter, Mr. Bentley could not conceal either his surprise or anger.

"This is madness—infatuation!" he exclaimed. "What can she expect from a drunkard? Hopeless—absurd! and only to be in her, darkness is the blaze of sunshine. The bitter experience of the past ought tell her what the future is likely to be, poor!"

"But George is no longer a drunkard," observed the old clerk, hopelessly, and with a slight degree of hesitation, as if he did not feel quite confident of his assertion.

"A thief!" added the merchant, positively.

"His association was most unjust, and for the excitement he was laboring under, the speaker would not have made it. Peter, who had long been on a confidential footing with his employer, now felt himself on sure ground, and warmly took the defence of his friend.

"You have fallen into one of your evil moods again, Bentley," he replied; "how often must I repeat to you that your son-in-law is as honest as yourself? You lay more stress upon a few trifling words," he added, "but I won't give up that point."

"Who else could it?"

"Who else?" interrupted the old man; "why—but no, no! I'll not be led into a discussion of this vile affair to-night, and take away my man's character without proof."

"I know where your suspicions point," observed his employer.

"Perhaps you do."

"They are absurd."

"Absurd!" repeated Peter, sharply; "perhaps they were absurd when they moved the firm a much larger sum than the missing securities ever were found in Gruttleton's office; you thought then that I, a believer, placed unlimited confidence in their representations; I succeeded then to be rogues, and acted accordingly."

"It is not like my nephew," observed the merchant, somewhat angrily.

The old clerk forgot his sobriety—a constant habit when unable to contradict an assertion.

"You do not deny it."

"I have no reason his conduct to your daughter on the bridge, although her father has," answered the hoarse speaker.

"Cause has explained it," said Mr. Bently. "At first I felt inclined at it, but on reflection I was heartily upon the subject. His motives were to induce her to quit the man who had destroyed her happiness forever. Rachel must have exaggerated his words and manner."

"Pah!" exclaimed Peter Mangles, with a look of incredulity.

"I know the reason of your aversion to him I continued the merchant.

"Do you?"

"He inherited your share of the property, and I suppose you have never forgiven him."

"Never!" exclaimed the old man, emphatically; "for in him I see the cause of clearing up the mystery of the securities. Sterling had been brought up in the counting-house under my own eye, possessed my confidence, and I am sure was what cleaner than his integrity, whilst Stafford—but there, I have done—speak of it no more."

"I am still determined to continue your protection in Rachel," observed his employer.

"I is."

"And to her husband?"

"To George, too."

"Although you know that it is a barrier to a reconciliation in my child's mind?" Mr. Bentley, tartly; "were you to abandon him, she would soon see the necessity of separating from him."

"*Tut it, you mean*," replied the clerk; "but even then you are mistaken, and you are not the first you and my clever at figures, Richard—in fact, you are clever at them, thanks to my instructions—but you know I taught you—but there is no problem you can't solve—the depth of a white sufficient. The only just thing to do, Richard, is to trust of entire confidence, "to calculate it myself, and find it unfavorable. Whilst there remains to the pale he has chosen, the iron grasp of poverty would not prove strong enough to tear Rachel from his side."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the merchant, impatiently; "do you believe in such nonsense as woman's true love of life?"

"Well, but belief certainly did come rather late," observed the old man; "but it struck me thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, the probability is I should not now be a bachelor. Stafford is a splendid, smilingly," it is not poor his father."

Despite himself, the disappointed father could not repress a smile; there was something irresistibly ridiculous in the idea of the speaker ever having a wife. Mr. Mangles considered the part of his life, the half-suppressed drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and began to look somewhat indignant. It acted like a spark to the train of proposals already laid—an explosion became inevitable.

"I listed upon knowing what you mean by that remark," he said, with a contemptuous air; "was a most important smile; in fact, I may say, an ethereal smile. Would you favor me with a clearer sense of it possible in the possibility of my marriage?"

"Neither one nor the other," answered Mr. Bentley.

"Happy to hear it," said his clerk, looking him very hard in the face, to see whether or not his smile was repressed.

"I see on reason against it," added the speaker. "If you do not. But this is not the point at. What I can anxious about is that your confidence in George Stafford should not lead you too far."

"Take care that your prejudice against him don't lead you too far in an opposite direction," retorted the old man, "for I have the subject enough already."

"It is not fit to be trusted with money?"

"My money is my own!" exclaimed Peter, warmly, for he had not yet forgotten, or quite forgiven, the accusation; "I worked for it, and I spend it hardly enough, and I shall do exactly as I think fit with it—and I shall not be attacked and baited with it, if I feel disposed, without asking any one's permission, Richard, I said, and you do not know what I mean to say that. And now," he added, "as I have found it necessary to go through the matter, let us drop the subject. We shall never see any more. You have shown your line of conduct to your daughter and your son-in-law, I have made my up mind to mine."

The abrupt conversation had taken place in the counting-house in the city a day or two after Rachel's interview with her husband. At first Peter felt something more than dissatisfied with her decision; he pronounced it madness and folly; but having heard all she had to urge, and listened to George's explanation of the motives of his night walks to London, he gradually came to a different conclusion.

The corrections of George's petty cash-book had not yet lost its influence on the old man's mind.

Although Peter Mangles, like a certain distinguished political personage, loudly asserted his right of doing what he pleased with his own, even to allowing Nicholas Nickleby to be made a bankrupt of his money, he was about the last man in the world to be really guilty of such an act of folly. His liberality to the objects of his bounty was directed by a prudence no less judicious than kind; and although the society of Rachel and Hilda May had become almost a necessity to him, he resolved to deprive himself of it for a time, for the benefit of the former would admit of her removal to the neat little cottage he had taken and furnished for her in the Charlton-road, close to the factory where George was engaged. He could not bring himself to see them independent, unrestrained by his presence, so cry constantly overlooking them.

That the way, he thought, to judge them.

It was astonishing what interest Peter Mangles had taken in furnishing the cottage. Had it been for himself, he would not have felt half so great a pleasure. Simply as a resting-place on his return from the city he did not bring some useful articles with him—articles which Mrs. Lawrence, his housekeeper, jealously observed she had not been even obliged to manage without. She could not imagine how he came to know so much of the many of the things, and coupled by anxiously and mentally congratulating herself on her own having hinted at any such extravagance. So her conscience was at rest.

Of course it was, for it was the attention that suggested them. There is a spring in every heart, when circumstances may unguardedly touch it, even by its possessor, till some chord is struck, opens yourself to action or feeling beyond that when the waters gush forth, fresh and sparkling. In other words, it is circumstance that develops the secret and best qualities of the human heart.

This was exactly the case with Peter Mangles. Under ordinary circumstances, the cottage never would have been to him more than any other house in the city, he would have purchased it, or wrote a clear bank, and happied to be quit at accounts. It was his intercourse with the only child of his old friend, and the feelings which the assistment of him which first excited a deeper interest. And this kindled the generous flame which, like a roof strengthened and confirmed, till he became the benefactor of the husband's wife and child's accounts. In fact, so much so, that for several weeks he quitted his home half an hour earlier every morning, and returned half an hour later in factory where George was engaged as time-keeper. And when he recognized him in the act of taking a book before him, the old man smiled cheerfully, and passed on with very rejoicing.

The cottage had long been ready, but from day to day the departure of Rachel and the child for their new abode was delayed. Mrs. Lawrence had always some alteration to suggest—some addition to make to the comforts he had already provided. At last, after a great effort, the old man made up his mind to the separation; it was only for a struggle; he had become so used to their society, that home would no longer appear home without them; but Peter never hesitated in a sacrifice—it was so very unlaconic-like.

His instant open confession led him to their new abode himself, and showed them over the house with the pride and satisfaction which a fond parent feels in the sweet consciousness of having added joy.

The eye of Rachel filled with tears.

"My benefactor!" she exclaimed, trying to kiss his hand—a proceeding which she could not effect, not by any means permit; "how can I ever show my gratitude for such unexampled goodness to us?"

"Say no more," replied Peter, deeply moved by her gratitude. "If the person has forsaken his young, none one must repay him."

"My future conduct, sir," replied George Hoffman, "must be my thanks."

"That's it, my dear boy; the only thanks I require. Private cost, of course, I have nothing to do with."

Placing them methodically before him, the speaker continued hurriedly:

"Grindham and Pells, Swan and Tupton, Bright and Bright, Mr. Bentley—all right."

Then were the names of foreign firms with whom the house of Bentley had failed, given very distinctly, "You are very particular," muttered Cuzzo, impatiently.

"Could be too much so," replied Peter.

"With the clerks, of course not."

"Why not?"

"You forget I am a partner."

"You will not long remain so, Mr. Knurr," replied the old man; "not even that you have an eighth share in the business. Dear me! sir,—another name with which we are familiar! Bernard Bentley! letter you expect, in the handwriting of *your friend* Bernard Bentley!"

A second time a sullenish smile played upon the lips of Peter Mangles. He crumpled the letter hastily from his hand, and broke the seal.

Any news for the firm?"

"No, sir, it is a business letter."

"Then it's no affair of mine," answered Peter Mangles, with a sullenish weakness upon the face of respondence."

"Not quite," he added to himself, "who can this be from?"

The letter allusted to was addressed in a gentleman's hand, and bore the London mark. It was sealed with a coat of arms, and marked "private," in the corner.

"The second letter within a month," thought the old man; "can Bernard be up to any private speculation there? I dare say he has."

When Mr. Bently arrived in the city, the only letter he received was the gentleman's, which he calculated the curiosity of the speaker. He read it carefully. He had no cause for an instant to be usually grave features.

"Mangles," said his clerk.

"Private," answered the merchant. "Did you not perceive that it is marked so? I have no business-matters to-day."

Peter Mangles was quite convinced of that.

"Any news from Bernard?" asked the firm from India."

"Still never mind them," interrupted his employer; "you know how to answer them."

"Your nephew had one from his friend Sandford, observed the former speaker. "He expressed very anxious respecting it; found him here on my arrival. He does not usually make appointments so early."

"Indeed and what would you infer from that?"

"Nothing! nothing!" replied the old man; "only it struck me as rather singular that both gentlemen should have letters marked Private on the same day. But I have other news," he added, in a tone of great complacency. "Reason and Co. are so satisfied with the exemplary conduct of your son-in-law, that they have offered him a desk in their counting-house."

Mr. Bentley listened attentively, and despite the effort to conceal it, seemed satisfied with the intelligence.

"Has he accepted it?" he asked.

"Commenced this morning."

For the first time in several weeks, her father inquired after the health of Rachel.

Mr. Bentley, Richard, much better," replied Peter, who knew only too well the cause of his Christian name, when he felt either pleased or dissatisfied with her. "Her virtue and perfect reformation of her husband is a subject of deep contentment to me."

"She is happy now, then," observed the merchant, with a sigh.

"Happy!" repeated the clerk, warmly; "how can you suppose anything so ridiculous, ingredible, and unnatural? The mother-in-law for her son?"

"Ah! true; true;" murmured Mr. Bently.

"And her father's forgiveness!" added the speaker. "There, don't look so sorry. I have done. Ha! mark my words, you will one day repent of your unnatural conduct to your only child."

"I thought, Peter," said his employer, placing his legal familiarly on its shoulder, "that we had come to an understanding not to speak upon this unfortunate topic. By the result," he added, sarcastically, "is the wisdom of our conduct be judged."

"Certainly," replied the old man, seeking himself from the table, and commencing to write very quickly. "I have no fear."

"Ha! I will believe it."

An inextricable "Humph" from Peter Mangles was the only answer to his assertion.

The merchant reflected upon their conversation long after the clerk had forgotten it; and more than once he asked himself whether he had acted unwisely by his son-in-law, and suspected that he was the author of the separation.

If so, who could be the thief?

Suspicion is terrible, and became more serious than ever to elucidate. It must have been some connected with the firm. George Stafford was employed in business on his own account, and the thousand pounds he received with his wife would naturally be with acknowledged talents for business, a ridiculously small sum to have kept him from stealing.

The returned drunkard had not been many weeks in his new situation, in which his conduct was unexceptionable, when a second and far more important change took place in his prospects. Mr. Reason, a gentleman connective with the firm of Bentley and Company was of many years' standing and considerable influence in the city; and in the course of conversation informed him that it was his intention to establish a branch business in London.

"Have you one in view?" observed the old man.

"It will require a considerable outlay of capital," replied the manufacturer; "but that is not my principle difficulty; the greatest one is to find a man to whom I can entrust the business with strict integrity, to conduct it in my absence."

Peter Mangles laid down his pen, rubbed his left ear, and looked at his son-in-law, who, ignorant of the subject, was about to speak, suddenly changed his mind, and began to write hastily. That decided him.

"I have one very man," he said.

"And can recommend him for talent?"

"Yes!"

"I ask no better," said Mr. Thornton, "provided he combines honesty with the other requisites."

"He can vouch for his integrity," answered the old man; "for he has brought up under my own eye, and has been with me a dozen years, and I detect an error in his petty cash-book. Richard thinks nothing of that; but you and I know what it is to be annoyed by a mistake in a petty cash-book, Mr. Reason."

The manufacturer heard him with a smile, for he had long been acquainted with the speaker's crotchets, and replied, gravely:

"Is he sober?" he inquired.

"Very sober now, but he has been a drunkard; in fact, he is one no other than George Stafford."

"Bentley's son-in-law!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

"Who could have trusted him wholly, or in a business-like manner, poor fellow!" answered Peter; "but I am sure he will be a treasure to you."

He proceeded to relate, for the satisfaction of his visitor, the sad story of Rachel's marriage, and the fall of her husband, to which the latter, with a thousand pounds, had commenced business on his own account, and how, by strict integrity, he could be lost one situation after another, and scarcely a friend would look upon him.

"And is it possible," said his hearer, "that you can seriously recommend me to engage such a man?"

"Hour how he has reformed himself," replied Peter, "is a sufficient reply to that question."

The wealthy manufacturer listened with benevolent interest, whilst the speaker proceeded to describe the conduct and life of his friend's protégé upon the counting-house, and the effect it produced upon the counting-house clerks.

"I feel," he said, "that I am under an obligation to you, Mangles, for having called my attention to the subject. He even seems to me to be

SIR PHILIBERT AND LADY BLANCHE.

BY W. E. PARSON.

Sir Philibert Knight Templar, stout
Before the Lady Blanche of Grey,
He bows betrayed no angry mood,
And on her face was much of mirth.

"Sir Philibert of Spotten Wood
Oh, follow where your fulmen lead;
Go, make your boast of victory,
Or earn your brethren from your Head.

"Oh, daring soldier that I crave, no more,
Or else shall day still never dawn,
When Philibert of Spotten Wood
Shall wed the Lady Blanche of Grove."

Once, twice and thrice he rode about the Head,
Then turned him to the lady fair,
Whose finger pointed to the door,
And said, with mock heroic air:

"I go, sweet Lady Blanche of Grove;
And when I come again to shew,
Some sign shall on my bosom be worn,
And man shall speak in praise of me."

But when the bright eyes saw the sign,
He must have fought as crusader fight;
For not a sign in him was there,
And even his limbs his mates with fight.

And when the Lady Blanche a bride
Became the merriest star shone,
The one whose place was by her side
Was he of the Knight of Spotten Wood.

Sir Philibert is animate
And in the spring or lady's eyes;
And in the spring still war-good—
Nine bits the brave deserve the fair."

CONSTANCY.

ITS TRIAL AND REWARD.

BY MARY C. VACHELL.

It was currently reported in Abingdon that Jerusha Warner and Enoch Stedman were about to be married. According to the ancient and well-approved custom of the State of single ladies, on every Sunday evening saw Miss Jerusha dressed in her prettiest and most becoming attire, and seated in her little parlor behind the shop, ready to receive her expected visitor. And just as the twilight fell gravely over the earth, Enoch would be seen by Tabitha Tattler, who lived opposite, and the whole Green, whose long, lean form, in a corner, overlooked half Abingdon, to approach the door of the Abingdon Bank, a handsome brick, which establishment Miss Jerusha was sole mistress. He would knock with an assurance which set the lady in pecora, who would marshal him safely through the dark shop into the little sitting room beyond. What transpired there, no one ever knew, and hearing of Miss Tattler and Mrs. Green, neither of their families was ever able to discover.

Enoch and Jerusha had been "keeping company" for a long time, two years or more, not reckoning their attachment as children, and during all their school-days, which had been unusual, and the gossips were beginning to wonder why the banns were not published, when suddenly it was rumored that Enoch made frequent visits to the house of a wealthy farmer who had several marriageable daughters, and who lived quite out on the outskirts of the county.

Some said those visits were of business, some of pleasure, and other some that Jerusha had been deserted for one of the Misses Ainslie, who were both rich and fair. Nobody knew, however, and as for Jerusha, she kept her own counsel, very wisely answered none of the questions which were addressed to her on the subject, and whatever secret misgivings or sorrowful sighs might have existed, were all in time a cheerful fire, at least for the public.

Enoch's business took him much from home about this period; and as he was absent for several successive Sundays, there was no occasion given to the inquisitive ladies above mentioned, that he had ceased to "keep company" with Jerusha. And with her he had entered into no explanations. She had loved him all her life, had long since promised to become his wife, and she herself really to fulfill the promise whenever he chose to claim it.

That manner stood, and no more than the vague rumor of the frequent visits of the proposed husband at Mr. Ainslie's had prepared her for any change in his feelings, or their mutual relations, when, one morning, she was surprised by a visit to the shop to attend a customer from Winston, the town in which the Ainslie's resided.

Jerusha's customer, a bustling farmer's wife, who, exhilarated by her unique business, toils and cares of home, and the prospect of a new bonnet, in addition to the quantities of drygoods for which she had consigned her load of butter and cheese, was in high spirits, chatted away merrily as she tried on several after bonnet.

"I want the very prettiest bonnet you have in the shop, Miss Warner," she said, "one that will be a purple one with black plumes, which she declared not half bright and showy enough to suit her good husband's taste. "As it will last me two years at least, I can afford to pay a good price for it, and I want something handsome to wear on the wedding of my husband's cousin next week."

"Will this suit?" said Jerusha, holding up a pretty hat of green silk. "No? Well, I have some very handsome ones in these handboxes," turning to lift them from the shelf.

"It seems to me you are not very curious about this wedding, Miss Warner," pursued the talkative dame. "I've heard tell that the bridegroom was an old beau of yours." And she glanced sideways the mirror, smoothing her shining border of hair each side her good-humored face, and never noticed the quick countenance, or even heard the start of Jerusha's head.

"Ah, yes," she continued, "I'm rather a sudden thing, to be sure. They haven't kept company more than three months, and it's so far that Enoch Stedman hasn't been over very often. But Jerusha Ainslie is good enough for anybody, and it didn't take him long to find that out."

With her hand pressed firmly to her side, Jerusha leaned heavily against the row of dress-caps while her visitor spoke those light words, that were to her like the words of doom. If the good woman had listened, she might have heard one deep-drawn breath; but she did not, and the next moment the dame found the shop girl at rest with a smiling face, and held out the showy bonnet which she had just retreated from in fear of the sudden pain.

"Here, Mrs. Gay, is a bonnet pretty enough to wear even to Cooky Ainslie's wedding. Will you try it on?"

Mrs. Gay was charmed. The hat was tried on, and declared the perfection of the millinery art, and wonderfully becoming. The price was paid, and, with her purchase safely deposited in its box, and carried in her hand, for fear of accidents, the worthy woman climbed into the country wagon beside her husband, and departed on her way to Winston.

Jerusha was left alone, but before she could escape, as she longed to do, to the solitude of her chamber, other customers entered. For hours she was compelled to attend to the wants of one party and another, compelled to fix her tortured thoughts upon the minutiæ of ribbands, and flowers, and laces, to strive to match unmatchable shades of silk and worsted; to invent something becoming to plain faces, to minister to fastidious tastes, and to supply tastes unsolicited or utterly startling.

Jerusha Warner was not the first woman who has borne similar torture with a smiling face, and with busy hands and active employment has tried to still the dull aching of a lacerated heart. How the day passed she never knew, and probably had she performed its manifold duties. She only remembered, afterwards, that the approaching marriage of Enoch Stedman was the whispered theme of every tongue, that her quickened sense had caught the first intimation of it from them through her little show-room, and that no less than three times had she been appealed to for confirmation or denial of the rumor.

Neither did she afterward distinctly remember how the latter twenty days passed, until the Sunday when Enoch Stedman, with his pretty bride beaming on his arm, walked down the aisle from the Abingdon church, and took his place beside her in the family pew. Jerusha Warner had passed all the days, and the long, sleepless nights, and also here the sight of the man whom, for years, she had regarded as the future companion of her life, sitting there beside another, younger, more beautiful, and only a few months before the first love of his entire mingled as sweet in the choir that day, she showed none of the agitation of a child, but sang and glees her little class of Sunday school scholars. But at evening, on the night herself teaching, more than once, for the shrillier sound of the footsteps that never more would approach her door, as they had been used to do, and she could not help but prayed for strength, as she sat there in the solitude and silence that neglect the desolation of her heart.

A host of bright dreams and illusions had faded out of Jerusha's life, but she was a cheerful, active woman, with a great, loving heart, not given to sentimentalism, and too busy to waste her life in mawkish fancies or romantic griefs. So there was little outward change in her life.

Jerusha had a great fund of sterling good sense. Everybody in Abingdon knew that, and resorted to Enoch Stedman. Everybody knew that she had been "disappointed," and this being true, she made no pretense of indifference, nor affected of impotent grief.

She had loved Enoch Stedman from the time when, as children, they had been nutting together in the woods, and he had first kissed her among the tall childish drapetes. This love had grown with her growth, and had been modified with the growth of her life. Nothing that he could do could obliterate it. It was deep, and calm, and strong, and without currents or whirls. She knew her own heart-cules, she rejoiced in his happiness, and took her own sorrow as one of the trials of unfaltering voice, and with her kind eyes fixed upon his face, with an expression that revealed her perfect truth.

Enoch's place must be filled. Embarrassed and miserable, he could only falter:

"Oh, Jerusha, I did not expect this from you, when I have been so long engaged to her. I did not think you ever could forgive me."

"We will not talk of forgiveness," she replied, calmly; "that is a word not to be used between us. I do not deny that there is much to regret, but I regret most of all, that you should have ever been enough to fill me when you ceased to love me, and your heart ceased to be mine."

"Jerusha, I dared not," he began, but she interrupted him, still in the same calm voice:

"We will not speak of this again," she said. "The past has gone, and we will not recall it. Do not think of me as you would only think of me. I feel that you need be my enemy. That is all I ask."

She gave him her hand silently, and turned away before he left the room, for fear that he would have pressed them. Enoch Stedman went home saddened and less self-respecting than ever he had been before, and with an added fervor for the noble heart he had so shamefully scorned, a tenderness still greater than ever he had felt in the days when he thought her all his own.

Jerusha was among the first to call upon the young bride of Enoch Stedman when she was settled in her new home. And though her cheerful cordiality was not without a little pathos, perceived by the failings of her former engagement, she managed, by the most unobtrusive of efforts, even to overcome that so far as any outward expression was concerned.

A friendship commenced that day that continued during all the years of Mrs. Stedman's life, which the young lady was wont to declare was her greatest boon. It was evident from her manner that she never intended to marry, and after she had declined three or four successive offers, they were left alone. But her life, solitary as it was, was not without its objects and its recompense. Her influence in her thriving brother and she was known to have accumulated money, and her counsel was much attributed to all charities that commended themselves to her good sense, and had assumed the charge of the education of an orphan girl. This girl she was known in Abingdon as a most skilful performer on a side organ, and was often spoken of in the call that summoned her to the alleviation of suffering, and also in the gay festivities of the more genial sway, and Jerusha approached middle age. She often met the lover of her youth either at his own or other social gatherings, and in the village street. She met him always with the same kindly regard which she had manifested in the full amount of her kind regard, and yet no act or word of hers had lessened the great sorrow in which he held her, or gave room for the tongue of scandal to utter aught of blame.

Thus passed three years, and then the wife of Enoch Stedman was laid upon her death-bed. Jerusha summoned the most experienced nurse, the most scrupulous, and took her place in the sick chamber, and continued with the utmost fidelity to watch over the suffering one, and to minister to her wants. She Luther and Mrs. Green seeing him enter, as of old, the door whose threshold he had not crossed for many a year, straightway predicted that "something was going to happen," and that it would never be repeated, they were forced to acknowledge themselves mistaken.

Jerusha had no confidants, and no one could read in her manner how she was effected by this unexpected freedom of her former lover. She only said that she would not deny herself the pleasure of sometimes seeing his children, to whom she was greatly attached, and so she visited them, contributed to their comfort, and received their visits as many an act of kindness, most welcome in their lonely orphanage.

But whatever silent hopes she might have indulged were speedily destroyed. For in less than a year after the period of Sophy's death, Enoch Stedman brought home a bride, another Sophy Ainslie, younger than the first Sophy.

The new Mrs. Stedman was a pretty young creature, timid and fearful of assuming her new responsibilities, and touched by the kind and generous manner of Jerusha Warner, as before mentioned, she gladly welcome the visits of Miss Jerusha, she speedily made friends with her, and came to love her as if she had been a kinder and experienced.

The post of family confidant and adviser was no sinecure, but Jerusha's unwavering friendship bore her through all, and her task was perhaps made lighter by the unbounded faith she had in Enoch Stedman, the slumbering jealousy of years aroused by the sudden change in his manner, and, being added to her faithful, had exacted from him a promise that he would never again marry. Jerusha was glad, she said, when at the arrival of the step-mother, so little her senior, had, in her anger, dismissed the old and faithful servant, who had been without that promise, the sentient love might have returned.

Five years passed away. Jerusha unlike, friend, and counselor, a held her place in the household of all the family of her friend, executing all domestic misunderstandings, gradually bringing into subordination, and becoming necessary to herself and her feelings ever in the background.

Mrs. Stedman had been married about five years with a confidant and supporter, to his children she was a mother indeed. Love and duty, and filial affection and reverence one whose affection had unfaltering existence.

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ORPHAN MARY.

BY AUGUSTA HOOPER.

I tell the following tale as nearly as possible as it was told to me. Mary Wentworth was the only usual goodness of heart, and—

At the urgent request of a dear friend, I had reluctantly taken Mary into my house as a boarder; during her apprenticeship with a tailor, now by her own earnest desire, I had consented to take her into my house, and I had learned to thank God that I had done so. She was so sweet, so patient, so modest, so grateful, that I soon loved her with the tenderest devotion. I remember that I used to love to go up to Mary's room while she was away in the shop, and sit down there, just to look about and see how much everything seemed like her. How neat and tasteful she was. In what perfect order she kept her little room; and there was always a soft, sweet fragrance, as of spring flowers, about it. I never knew what the perfume was that Mary used to keep her garments. I would not ask her, choosing to fancy that the odor exhaled from her own sweet and pure spirit.

The girl had enchanted me, and yet she was not at all beautiful to the critical sense. A mention face, my own feelings, every one, but she was to the better understood what influence she would in time by her sweet ways a man who should win her love.

Mary finished five years of apprenticeship, and then, at my urgent request, settled herself for regular business in the shop of a tailor close by our house, and continued with a degree of success, and prices, with me.

She had a very good situation which she had taken. Mr. Elton, the merchant tailor, was wealthy, and kept a magnificent establishment. His "shop" was almost a palace; and all the sewing-rooms were luxuriously fitted up and furnished.

Mary would not have been a mere marriageable place whereon to work, or a better or more prompt workwoman had she sought the world over; and she was as happy as a little queen. A fine color bloomed on her girlish cheeks, which polished her usually pale cheeks, and day by day I noticed a new sparkle growing brighter in her expressive eyes, and a new and more ready laughter.

And for many months my Mary was as joyful-hearted as if she had governed palaces and their thrones, and sisters, and home, and fortune, instead of being a poor, orphaned girl, who might have to work hard all her days for a living. And my dear friend's family and my own rejoiced to see our maid so happy.

But all at once Mary changed. The color faded, the sparkle left her eyes so many; she became silent and absent-minded.

We questioned her in vain. She declared that she was perfectly well. We tried teasing her—but she kept silent, as we were sure she would not, refused strongly altogether—once home late; or, if early, soon went out, asking no one to go with her. She seemed to make a very great effort to eat what small supply of food she did swallow. Even with the tables not having taken a bite of anything.

She tried to have her quit her work; but no; go to the shop she would, rain or shine.

One night she did not come home to supper. At eleven o'clock she came staggering in the door, across the room for drink.

"Mary, my child! what is this? Mary, you shall tell me. Where have you been?" I cried, pulling off her damp hat and shawl, and seeing how perfectly wet she was, and how her pale cheek, white hair hung all uncombed about her neck and shoulders.

"I can tell you nothing; but this is the end of it. I have finally made up my mind. I have left my place."

"Left it in good sight, and went wearily up to her chamber, leaving us staring at one another in a state of useless surprise and curiosity.

"Something is wrong," said my husband.

"Well, Mary isn't, as sure of that," I replied, quickly.

"I wouldn't like to be so sure," returned my distrustful partner. "You don't know the world, woman man, who knows how to make women's hearts ache. Depend on it, he is at the bottom of this business—you may bet on it, safely."

"Pooh! I said, with a contemptuous toss of my head, and went upstairs to Mary. My husband always guessed so correctly.

Next morning Mary seemed better, and now she slowly amended, and we were quite expecting soon to see her in her best state, when one morning, several weeks afterwards, she had gone out, and came rushing home again, screaming wildly, her face deadly pale, and her eyes starting from her head.

I could prevent it, she fell headlong on her face at my feet. We hastened to lift the poor child up. Blood was flowing from her mouth—she was insensible. We carried her to the door for air. A crowd was collecting in the street.

"Elton has shot himself," cried a man to my husband.

"Shot himself!" we echoed, with horror.

"Yes; a few minutes ago he sent for your Mary up to his room. She hadn't been there long when the people in the shop heard her scream.

"I will tell I got out," continued the man, and down she came, as if she'd tear the stairs after her, and Mr. Elton appeared at the door of his counting-room, and on hastening to his chamber Elton's journeyman found him stretched cruelwise on his bed, the pistol which he had used to destroy him on the chamber. Two pistols were on the bed with him. One had been discharged—the other was loaded.

"Horrible!" ejaculated my husband.

I felt faint.

While the excitement was at its hight Elton's brother appeared upon the scene.

He had been summoned by telegraphic dispatch, and came from a distant town to settle up the suicide's affairs. Fearful harm was made in the house and store. There was an auction, and the establishment was broken up, and scattered to the winds.

The wretched man had left two little children; and the brother and all he cared for was to raise money. Creditors were troublesome, and pitiless as might go. Every article of the dead man's clothing, elegant and costly enough for a prince, was left hanging at the mercy of those who desired it. Even the watch he had worn was sold at auction, a thing that had belonged to him. All undown the day after the brother came, the dead man's house was left for pillage—he being in his grave, and his children far on their way to their grandsire's home. But what was all this woe and desolation for?

No one could tell; though many seemed to think that Mary was in some way connected with the tragedy. But Mary was dangerously ill. Not a word of the break up and departure across the way had been suffered to reach her.

One day, when we thought our poor girl much better—when we had got her into a sweet, clean, and propped her up with pillows, and I had seated myself close where her face look upon her cheeklike face, she held out her hand, and said—

"You love me as that I will tell all that I never meant to tell. Mr. Elton is dead and buried; I have not forgotten. Mr. Elton loved me, and I loved him. You did not know that?"

"Only suspected it, dear Mary. But why did he not think a dreadful thing?"

"Because I would not live with him: he said he could not be happy if he could not live with me."

"But, my dear girl," I said, astonished, "if you loved him, what could you have been your reason for refusing to marry him?"

"He did not want me to marry him"—she spoke in a low voice, the bright blood glowing up over face and neck, and tears starting to her downcast eyes.

"Not want you to marry him! I thought you said he loved you."

"He did love me. I could not doubt it. I do not doubt the truth of what he has sealed with his life; but he did not want me to take for wife a poor, foreign-born working-girl. He would not do it; and so he died, and I am left alone, and soon after would, to overcome my resolution never to be his mistress, and I could not live. I loved him so much, and knew so well how deeply he loved me, that I lacked resolution at once to deny him and to die. And I loved him, dear man my own life. And now he is lying in a soldier's grave, and I am left to my God, who only knows if I am going to him soon—soon."

She ceased; and, looking fearfully, the shadows of death fast setting in upon her fair young face.

The doctor was sent for. He came hastily, saw that she died; for she was dying, and he ceased doing well.

All that affection and tender care could do for her was done; but Mary died that night—another victim of a blind faithfulness.

And now she lies with kindred dust,
Is an unconscious clay,
With useless eyes and peaceful hand,
Where none shall take her way.

"I CAN'T."

Never say "I can't." Perhaps we consider the energy and ability pulsed by it, and how many fail in life by "fearing to attempt," we feel to be a blessing. "I can't" is a coward's word, "I can't" and "I can't," were distinguished from our language. Many persons have taught before it the fate of life despair, and the practicability of a spider served the Scotch king in his hour of defeat to teach a glorious triumph. If what is desired be worth the toil necessary to win it, exercise the ground deliberately, but with determination. Many a man, because of inconsequence of powers, drive you from winning, by their always using the a genius, and even as man of letters, has worked his way to prominence by the same means that are possessed of common care and toil. There is little that man has done, that it is impossible for man to do again—if he will but attempt.

As "necessity is the mother of invention," so "attempt" is the parent of skill, energy, character. Because the road is rough and toilsome, and the labor hasten and wearing, it is ought to decline when the prize is all the brighter and the goal the more glorious therefore? The cowers of triumph is reserved for those who strive. Many a great soldier may seem to elevate this or the other man, there is but one reason for his success—he has done it. Some are seldom, if ever, won by the "I can't." On the lips of the young, no word is more ominous as these. They betray a puny, coward spirit. Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Cæsar, and others formed them in his presence—and to give his rebuke force, spurred forth and accomplished what his subalters declared impossible. Men of this stamp of destiny conquer in whatever they attempt. Seek not to do things by halves, accomplish what you undertake, accept the bravest toil possible, and win. Never say "I can't," for it is a confession of words that have made more than one name immortal.

A USEFUL AND PRACTICAL HINT.

Every man has his idea of what his prosperity should be. The majority of the human race desire wealth, and nothing else, the minority have connected with a moderate independence. And the same may be said of the sexes, as to the love of intellect. Some desire to be considered geo-eminently good, others eminently so; and there are those who unite all their conduct places them beyond the reach of censure. It is the same with the mind. One man desires to be a star since the first magnitude, and dazzle all beholders by the loftiness of his flights; another would desire to be considered as above the average intellectual standard; another to be considered at least equal to mediocrity with those by whom he is surrounded; and another would let his neighbors ask him just as high or as low as they pleased, so long as he could be left alone. All these must only be taken in degree, or according to the circumstances which in many do exist. And thus it is that upon the estimate formed by the individual of his capacities, and the practicability or utility of realizing what is desired and sought to be obtained.

THE SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

It is not multiplying the objects of our thirty that we can estimate the happiness of him who has the greatest number over him who thinks he is little wealthy, that the poor are so happy as the rich, and happier; but perhaps the reasons for the difference in the estimate of happiness is examined, and hence the general principle has been rendered as a wide misconception, caused by the rich to oppress the poor. But if we look at the main sources of happiness, we shall find that they are among the objects of moderate attainment. They consist in health, physical and mental; in food, sufficient to satisfy hunger; in raiment sufficient to protect the body from vicissitudes of weather; and in that enjoyment of the domestic affections which constitute the existence of our species. The wealth of the richest man in the world will not add to the list a fifth element of enjoyment so large as any one of these.

MONEY.

Money.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is the result of affectation. Modesty never betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is disgraceful or unbecoming, and never is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is unbecoming; false modesty everything that is unbecoming. The latter is only a general, undetermined feeling; the former is that instinct kindled and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

Were four sensible qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. There are—gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ELIJAH AND I.

BY ALICE CARY.

The house that you see underneath the great pine,
With walls that are painted and doors that are fine,
And sometimes and whens-thats above it, is mine.

On the sunny side half of the weathered shake roof,
In a house that is not half so wide nor so high,
Elijah, my sister, lives, rather than I.

When I go to the town to pay tax on my land,
Or sue for the children, Ben and Sue and Jane,
And hurry at heart as if money was scant,

Of the sincere advice here, he sees not a cent,
No sense of the tenderness, no stirs of the mood
That are so buried from clinking or fame.

The great in his blue eyes the twinkle is see,
That the old gives every year more and more,
The I that must pay for the meaning—not he.

He laughs while I frown, and he sings while I sigh,
The years that are glad are the years that are by,
For Elijah, my brother, is richer than I.

BORDER HEROISM.

BY ANSELMO BENNETT.

It was in the spring of 1785, and on a clear, beautiful day, that a party, consisting of a man, a woman, and a child, were passing down the Ohio in a canoe-shaped boat, for the purpose of joining some friends at a settlement below. The party bore the surname of Marston, and the husband, brother, and father, and daughter. They had come from the interior of Pennsylvania, transporting their goods by boats to the Alleghany, and thence descending that river and the Ohio in the best way open to them.

The eldest of the four was a large, full, fine-looking man, some thirty years of age, and the husband of his bride, and father of the child. The wife appeared to be some six or eight years the junior of her partner, was slender, neat and graceful, and possessed a countenance of more than ordinary intelligence and beauty. The brother was younger than the husband, and inferior in size and strength, but comely of feature, and evidently a man of resolute mettle and character. The child, out of the party was a sweet, chatting, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl of four summers, the pride of all, and especially the idol and joy of its fond and gentle mother, who, at times, would seemed much out of place in journeying through that wild, unsettled, and perilous region.

That the adventurers had with them all the material accident or misfortune, nor had they seen any of those fierce enemies of their race who were then known to be prowling through the great forests which lay between the settlements and the Ohio, and which, now that they were more directly entering the country inhabited by their swarthy foes, had not been seen by them, was owing partly to the aggression of the latter upon their white brothers; and as they floated down the river, the green and flowery banks of the delightful stream, upon which should bound the eye, seemed to be less free to admire the solemn beauties of nature, than in dread of what those mighty forests might conceal. To the men, as they plied their oars, thus helping upon their strength, and their skill in the use of weapons, seemed less necessary than to the fair mother, who, at every unusual sound, would clasp her darling to her bosom, and glance around her in fearful apprehension.

"Mary," said her husband, approaching her on one of these occasions of alarm, which became more frequent as she advanced on her journey, "how is it that you, who have been so courageous all along, have now of a sudden become so timid?"

"I hardly know myself, Peter," she replied, in a sweet, musical tone, looking up with a smile, "unless it is that we are entering a more dangerous region, and that I am more sensible of having more food of our pretty little Ada, and more fearful on her account?" and looking down upon that which she now held in her arms, she imprinted a mother's kiss upon her cheek.

"But I'm not afraid, mamma, when you and papa are with me!" prattled the blue-eyed pet; "for I know nobody'll hurt me when I'm with you."

"Ah, God bless your trusting innocence!" cried the father, impulsively catching the child in his arms, and covering her cheeks face with kisses. "No one shall hurt you when I can help it; may the good God keep us all from harm!"

During their voyage down the river, Hinds sometimes been necessary to lay at night, especially in foggy weather; but they had generally managed this matter with great caution, mooring their boat near, rather than at the shore, by making a line fast to some overhanging branch, or to the stump or stump of some sapling. At these stopping places our voyagers had been the most apprehensive; yet it was not at these that they were attacked by the savage, but while floating along in the bright light of day, or the quiet of our summer evening.

On the very day that we introduce them to the reader, but two or three hours before sunset, in the conversation recorded, the little girl, in looking toward the Ohio shore, became much attracted to a long line of beautiful flowers, growing on which so overhung the stream that a branch might easily be broken from a parent stem, provided a place she clapped her hands, and exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, do get little Ada some pretty flowers!"

The boat was not far from the land, and the current set it close to the shore, so that it was an easy matter to comply with her wish; and the fond father, giving directions to his wife and brother, taking an oar, was about to push in towards the thicket, when the mother, with a sudden cry, and a countenance of despair, quickly interposed, saying, eagerly and earnestly—

"Nay, do not think of such a thing, but keep further out in the stream. From some cause I am frightened—I feel that danger lurks in every thicket, and I know we cannot be too cautious."

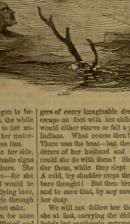
"Pooh, Mary, you are too easily alarmed," replied her husband; "no one would be more cautious than I; I thought there was danger; but there is none here, surely; and little Ada might as well have a bunch of flowers to please her."

So saying, and without heeding the remonstrance of his more timid companion, he, assisted by his brother, forced the boat up against the slow current, and with ease, in the act of plucking a flowering branch from the tree, presented it to his mother's trembling arm, clapping her clay hands with delight—when suddenly there was reports almost of hundred into one, rang out upon the still air, and the brothers fell back together, the one shot through the heart and the other through the brain.

At the same instant there was a series of terrible yells, a rushing among the bushes, and two infuriated savages were seen leaping into the boat. First making sure of their victims, by plunging their knives several times into their bodies, they next tore off their scalps, and unceremoniously shook the gory trophies in the very face of the now petrified and horror-stricken wife and mother, who stood like a statue of marble, as motionless and seemingly as cold, her eyes glaring wildly, and the little girl clinging to her in a terror she could not comprehend. Then snatching each his tomahawk to his side, they made a flourish of their tomahawks over the head of the mother, heller as it seemed with the intention of terrifying them of striking her. But finding her unmoved—for she was still paralyzed with horror—one of them rudely snatched the child from her arms, and made as if to dash out its brains on the gunwale of the boat. This he might indeed have done—for his ballsic eyes were gleaming with fiendish exultation—but the other interposed, and said something in their native tongue; when, turning to the still motionless mother, he struck her a blow with his fist, knocking her down, and threw the shrieking child upon her.

The two Indians now proceeded to secure the boat by working it up under the overhanging bushes, and to disposing of the men as to completely conceal from view any party passing up or down the river, or looking out from the opposite shore.

By the time this was completed, poor Mrs. Marston had recovered from the first shock, and began to



see the full facilities, and had begun to betray her hard fate in her, choking sobs, the while straining her trembling child so tightly to her unguarded bosom, as if to shield from the ghastly sight and cruel scaldi it from the merciless fate.

But the Indians now advanced to her side, and, rudely pushing her with his foot, made signs that she must get up and follow him ashore. The mother could not comprehend all his desire—for she had now some little hope that her child would be spared to her—and with a mother's almighty love she felt that she would willingly struggle through everything, even everything, for the sweet babe.

We may not dwell upon her feelings for none but a mother so suddenly and terribly afflicted, can be hopefully placed, could have conceived the bitter anguish of her heart.

At a little distance back from the river, the Indian found his prisoner to a sapling, leaving the child with her, and then returned to the boat on the same errand, and stood him in securing their captured spoil.

They now seemed disposed to be merry—those grim, inhuman monsters—as they grinned over their not invaluable prize, and the sound of their guttural accents, and their weapons and ammunition, and clothing, the hungry beasts, in the palatable edibles which their explorations exposed —chatting glibly in their native tongue, and laughing and shouting merrily, but cautiously, as here and there they fell upon what they considered a prize of more than common value, and all the while being no other than a mysterious-looking boy, who, as he could not long be discovered in the boat, waiter, and over which they not only laughed, but around which they fiercely danced in feeling, and their garments scaring their weapons and ammunition, and swelling, like